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RUTH.

THE long, cloudless day is drawing to a close, and the broad, green prairie takes on a richer hue as it is illuminated by the slanting rays of the setting sun. A party of emigrants have just encamped for the night. Teamsters are leading their tired horses to the stream near by; busy men and boys are bustling about, some laughing and joking, as if life were all enjoyment, others frowning and surly; a number of children are running and playing noisily, glad to escape even for a short time from the wagons, and relieve their long pent activity by the maddest of frolics; a few weary-looking women are gathered near the fires, preparing the evening meal. A tall man, intelligent and kindly-looking, despite his rough clothes and unshaven face, approaches one of the white-covered wagons with a pitcher of water from a pure, cold spring near the camp. A bright-faced, healthy-appearing girl of fifteen, with short brown hair and keen black eyes, sprang lightly to the ground and ran to meet him.

"How nice and clear the water looks! I hope it is as cold as ice. Poor mother has been moaning for a drink ever since we stopped."

The man hastened his steps, and soon the sick woman was refreshed by a long draught.

"Not too much, dear," said the man, tenderly, as he took the cup from the feverish hand. Then pouring some of the water into a tin basin, he took a towel from a small box, and gently bathed the wife's face and hands, leaving a cool, wet cloth on the aching head. Then bidding the girl, who now returned, change it often, he went away to make some preparation for supper.

A small head was thrust inside the wagon, and a sweet voice said: "How is mother, Ruthie?"

The sick woman opened her eyes with a faint smile.

"Come in, Kitty," said the older girl.

The child was soon bending over the mother, kissing her fondly, while she chatted in a merry though subdued voice. Kitty's face was in strong contrast with her sister's, with eyes blue and deep like the summer sky, and pale, delicate features, framed by the soft, pretty hair falling low upon the fair neck in light, golden curls, now rumpled and tossed by the wind. Three other children completed the family. Tom, a sturdy lad of twelve; a rosy-faced, mischiev-

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ous little urchin called Don; and a year-old baby, who now woke with a feeble wail.

Ruth took the little one in her arms and endeavored to quiet it.

Presently the father reappeared with tea and crackers for the invalid; and after watching the poor woman vainly try to eat, he took the babe, and bade the girls go find Mrs. Janes, who would give them supper.

The sun had not long passed the meridian the next day, when the party found their journey ended. A few of the men had come from their Eastern homes the year before to spy out the land, and had opened small farms, and built on them the smallest of houses, while the greater number, including our friends the Westons, were here for the first time. Mrs. Weston, always a feeble, delicate woman, was unable to endure the fatigue of the long journey, and was entirely prostrated the last week.

Mr. Weston saw at once that it would not do for his wife to be taken into one of the little cabins, whose one room must be kitchen as well as dining and sleeping-room, and determined to live in his wagons until he could get a house built. The kind-hearted men offered to assist, although each was anxious to obtain a more comfortable shelter for his own family. A sod-house was accordingly commenced the next morning on the homestead entered by Mr. Weston, and willing hands hastened its completion. Breaking-teams were set to work, the long strips of overturned sod, fourteen inches wide, were cut into pieces about four feet long, and piled one on another to form the four walls. The roof was made of rough boards laid as closely together as possible, and covered with the material composing the sides. A sod-house is not very pleasing to the eye, with its dark, earth-colored walls; but our friends thought little of that. The one object that then possessed their minds was to provide a comfortable shelter for the poor sufferer.

The one door opened into a large room that was to serve as kitchen and living-room. A rough board partition made two rather small bed-rooms in one side, and the few articles of furniture brought from the old home were supplemented by tables and benches made by Mr. Weston's own hands.

Mrs. Weston was carried from the wagon to the new house, only to be carried out again in a few days to fill the first grave in the beautiful valley, leaving

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husband and children with hearts almost breaking with anguish. For though always feeble in body, she had been a most tender and affectionate wife and mother, and her death seemed to take all the sweetness and brightness from the lives of those who loved her. Kind, motherly Mrs. Janes took the babe, and her excellent nursing soon brought health to the tiny frame.

Ruth undertook the housekeeping with but little thought of responsibility at first. She had long been accustomed to assist her mother, and could perform a great variety of household tasks with the utmost nicety.

She very frequently thought of the talks with her mother in those days while the house was in building; and one sentence repeated itself over and over—"Don't let them miss me more than you can help." She tried conscientiously to perform each task as she had been accustomed to do it under her mother's directions; but everything was so different from the old home; worst of all, no gentle voice to offer timely suggestions; so it was not strange that, after a time, the young girl became discouraged, and cried herself to sleep many a night because of the disappointments of the day.

Mr. Weston spent the early part of the summer in breaking, as the first plowing of the land is called, then busied himself in making his home more comfortable. And when the long winter approached, he did not neglect his children, but assisted them in their lessons, joined in their amusements, and did all a man could do to make them feel less keenly the loss of their mother.

When spring came, he was obliged to enter upon so active an out-door life that Ruth, Kitty and Don were left almost entirely to their own resources. Tom was usually with his father, and especially delighted in driving and caring for the horses.

One day, about a year after their mother's death, the two girls went to make their usual visit to their baby brother. They found Mrs. Janes quite ill, and poor Mr. Janes doing his best to manage the housework and the three or four little children. Mrs. Janes explained that she was "took sudden" like in the night," adding that she "didn't know what was going to become of all those little tykes, for Jonas didn't know the first thing about taking care of them, though he was the kindest man in the world."

Ruth tied on one of Mrs. Janes's great aprons, and busied herself in washing the piles of dirty dishes, and making tidy the disorderly room, while the children gathered round Kitty, who, with little Jamie in her arms, told them the absorbing story of Jack and the bean-stalk, followed by the harrowing tale of the three kittens who lost their mittens.

When the girls returned home, they carried Jamie with them. And as soon as they were out of hearing, Ruth announced her intention of "keeping him always."

Kitty uttered a glad little cry: "Oh, if father will only let us!"

Mr. Weston looked very grave when Ruth broached

the subject that evening. But the children all pleaded for the baby, and his own heart yearned for the child with eyes so like its mother's, who, with one fat arm tightly clasped about his neck, in a sweet little voice said, "Papa" and "Kitty" so plainly, and made such droll efforts to utter Tommy, Ruth and Don.

I think his heart was the strongest pleader there, for, although he well knew that Ruth had already too much care, he consented with far greater readiness than the girls expected.

The very next day Mr. Weston went to talk with Mrs. Janes, who, though she had become very strongly attached to the child, acquiesced much more readily than she would have done in health.

For a few days all went well. The pretty baby-ways were a source of constant delight, and the mischievous little tricks seemed so cunning that Ruth only laughed while she repaired the mischief, and loved the child more fondly than before, if that were possible. Then a school was opened in the little colony, and Kitty and Don were daily attendants. The care of Jamie fell almost entirely upon Ruth, as the father and Tom were very busy in the fields. One by one were her household tasks neglected, for Jamie made many demands upon her time, and she had yet to learn to systematize her work. She never neglected the baby, however, and the little fellow was so petted and indulged, that he would have become the most tyrannical little despot in existence had it not been for his natural sweetness of disposition.

Mr. Weston did what he could to lessen Ruth's cares, but after toiling the long day in the sun he was too tired to do much more than prepare for repose.

Spiders spun their webs here and there unmolested. The floor was seldom more than "broom clean," sometimes, it must be confessed, scarcely that. The food was often hastily prepared, and after a time Ruth grew careless in her personal appearance. Of course these changes come slowly, and occasionally she would make a spasmodic effort to get back into the old channel, only to relapse into a more slipshod rôle.

Another year passed, and Mr. Weston began to talk about a new house: said he thought to be able to build in one year more. The children were delighted, but Ruth was the best pleased of all. She had come to consider her poor housekeeping the fault of the "old sod," as Tom invariably styled his home, and imagined that in a tasteful, roomy dwelling all difficulties would be removed.

How it came about I know not, but this little colony, so intent upon plowing, and sowing, and reaping, seemingly so infatuated with the idea of making money, of owning large farms and vast herds of cattle that it had never before thought of taking a holiday, decided to celebrate the nation's birthday by a picnic under the trees, only to be found skirting the river that flowed through the valley where they had settled.

Matrons made great pyramids of cake, and rows of pies; their ovens turned out huge loaves of bread,

as if *eating* was to be the sole entertainment of the day. Grave consultations were held over wardrobes, maidens turned over ribbons and tried on white dresses with visible pride, or ironed best calicoes amid sighs and even tears.

The Westons went with the rest. Kitty radiant in a white dress that had been Ruth's, and a blue ribbon in her hair. Ruth made no attempt to be fine. She had almost ceased to think of her looks, and appeared plain enough in her dark, ill-fitting print, relieved only by a white ruffle at the throat. The day was not particularly pleasant to Ruth. She had held so little intercourse with the young people of her own age, that they seemed to have nothing in common, and after dinner was over, she wandered away with Jamie to find shells in the sand. They had become tired at last, and sat down under a clump of willows to rest. Jamie, with his head in his sister's lap, and his hands and little pockets full of tiny shells, quickly fell asleep. Ruth sat idly gazing into the water and thinking, with a tinge of bitterness, how different her life was from that of other girls, when she heard voices behind her.

"How awkward and homely Ruth Weston has grown to be," said a voice that Ruth did not recognize.

Good Mrs. Janes replied with some warmth, for Ruth was a favorite with her: "Oh, I do not think so. If she was only fixed up like the other girls she would be pretty enough. There isn't a girl here that has nicer hair than Ruth, but it don't show well because she does it up in such a tight knot. She is one of the best girls in the country! 'Tisn't many who would stay at home as she does, or take such care of Jamie," and the good woman fanned herself energetically.

"Well, that may be," said the first speaker, "but I guess she ain't much at housekeeping. Folks do say their house looks awful." Then lowering her voice, but still speaking loud enough for Ruth to hear, she went on: "I wouldn't be at all surprised if Mr. Weston got a new housekeeper one of these days. He is talking about building a new house, and I've seen him ride by to Joe Munson's pretty often lately. Mrs. Munson's sister, Widow Blake, wants a husband pretty bad, and she would take Mr. Weston and jump at the chance, if he has got a houseful of children. I don't know but it would be a good thing, for she's a great worker, if she is an endless talker?"

The woman paused for breath, and Mrs. Janes replied: "Stuff and nonsense! I don't believe a word of it! Mrs. Blake may set her cap for him if she likes, but little good it will do her, I can tell you—"

Ruth heard no more. The women passed on unconscious of a listener, and as soon as they were out of sight, she gathered the sleeping child in her arms, and with fleet steps and wildly beating heart, started homeward. It was over a mile that she had to walk, but she thought not of that, nor what a burden sturdy little Jamie was, even to her strong young arms. Arrived at home, she laid the still sleeping child on

his bed, and surveyed the room, with newly opened eyes. Then she kindled a fire and brought water from the well. While it was heating, she took the broom and carefully swept down every spider-web, then washed the curtainless windows, and lastly scrubbed the floor. All the time she repeated to herself over and over, "It must not be, it *shall* not be!" Then she went to a chest that stood in one corner, and brought out the white muslin curtains, that had been long folded away because they added so greatly to the washing—Ruth's greatest bugbear—and hung them before the now shining windows.

By this time she could see the wagons just driving out of the little grove where the picnic was held, and she began to prepare supper. She was calmer now, but still she worked with energy, resolutely putting aside the fatigue she felt, and by the time her father and the children reached home (they had stayed behind the rest to search for Ruth and Jamie, for no one had observed their flight), a dainty tea awaited them. To Kitty's eager questions she only replied that Jamie was tired and sleepy, and she thought best to bring him home. The father noticed the improvements, and gave a quick glance at Ruth's flushed face, before he said: "How nice you have made everything look. You must be very tired." After tea he bade Kitty "see that she washed all the dishes while Ruthie rested," and Ruth felt her heart grow a little lighter, and determined that home should become so pleasant a place that her father should not think of marrying. It was the first time that the thought had formed itself into words, and she was obliged to run away by herself that none might see the tears that would fall.

One evening, shortly after this, her father left his work rather early, and dressed himself with unusual care. Ruth saw Tom bring a horse already saddled to the gate, and could scarcely conceal her agitation. At last she timidly said: "Are you going away, father?"

"Only up to Munson's. The Farmers' Club meets there this evening," was the careless reply. Then he suddenly added: "Wouldn't you like to go, too? Get your bonnet; and I will have Tom harness the horses."

Ruth gave a half-amused glance at her dress, and answered: "Thank you, father, I do not care to go this time, and besides it would make you very late."

"Well, good-bye, then," and he was off.

Ruth was in distress. True, he was only going to the club, but Mrs. Blake would be there, and Ruth almost hated the widow's bright eyes and sprightly conversation, as she thought of the effect they might have upon her father.

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"He got a letter from his sister last week; she is coming out to stay with us a spell." It was Mrs. Janes who said this. She was sitting in the cozy little rocker that had been Ruth's mother's, holding a diminutive bundle of pink calico and yellow flannel, while Jamie hung about her, gazing with

mute wonder at the round bald head and queer little features at one end of said bundle.

Mrs. Janes turned the baby around and began trotting it vigorously as she went on: "Did I ever tell you about Margaret? No? Well it's kinder strange that I didn't, seein' as she is the only sister he ever had."

Mrs. Janes referred to her husband whenever she used the masculine pronoun in this way. "You see she's an old maid, must be nearly thirty. She has always taken care of her mother, who was sick for more than ten years. The old lady died last winter, and Margaret's left alone. His brother John lives about forty miles from the old place, and she has been with them all the spring. They are rich folks, and, between you and me, John's wife is the proudest piece you ever saw. You'll like Margaret though, everybody does."

Mrs. Janes stopped trotting the baby to smile at Jamie and then kiss him heartily, for she had a heart to love all children, and the boy was almost as dear as one of her own.

Out-doors the flowers were blooming in their early summer beauty; the cattle were lowing in the distant pasture; while near by a bird was twittering as it hopped from branch to branch of a young maple-tree that Tom had planted near the gate, three years before. But to Ruth, the pleasantest sight was the new house, a few rods distant, and the sweetest sound was the busy hammers on its roof. For the "one year more" had come and the new house is to be completed "before harvest."

Ruth has grown tall since we first saw her, but the dark eyes are as keen and bright, and the face and figure still rounded with health and vigor. She has improved much every way, the last year. Everything about her is neat and tidy, while the little shelf of books near her chair show that she is as bent upon improving her mind as upon making her father's home pleasant.

"When do you expect your sister-in-law?" asked she.

"She'll get here about Friday, I think. But dear me, I must be going, or I sha'n't have supper before dark, and every one of them blessed children will be up to their ears in bread and molasses. Come over soon, Ruthie; good-bye, Jamie." And the bustling little woman was gone.

Ruth did go to see Margaret Janes, and she did "like her." The liking was mutual, and they very soon became fast friends. Miss Janes was of great service to Ruth and Kitty when the new house was to be furnished, and many of the tasteful adornments were of her suggesting. Let us peep into the pretty new cottage after the family are thoroughly settled.

It is an early morning in November. Ruth is putting the bright sitting-room in order. Pictures and brackets, not expensive, but tasteful, adorn the walls; books and papers are scattered about, and though the floor is covered with a gay rag-carpet and the furniture is very simple, much of it of the young

people's own manufacturing, the room wears a thoroughly home-look.

Kitty is at her old employment, dish-washing, and an open book lies on the window near her. She is studying a lesson in physiology.

"What is that, Kitty," says Jamie, coming up as she is reading aloud a few lines, and pointing to an illustration on the open page.

"A diagram, illustrating the circulation of the blood," said Kitty, and went on with her reading.

"What is a diagram, Kitty, and what does circulation mean?"

Kitty did not answer, and the child repeated the question.

"Oh, don't trouble me, Jamie, I am in a hurry," and Kitty went back to her dishes, repeating her lesson over and over.

Jamie drew himself up and said, proudly: "When I grow big and you grow little, I'll 'splain it to you"

A half hour later, as Kitty started to school, she passed Jamie in the yard, prancing gayly about, astride a stick.

"What are you doing, little brother?" called she.

Jamie stopped his antics and replied: "I'm trying to improve the circulation of my blood."

Kitty laughed as she kissed him good-bye, and giving him a loving little squeeze, whispered softly: "I'm sorry I was cross this morning, Jamie."

"I knew you would be, so I forgave you right away," said Jamie, returning her kiss.

Kitty was very fond of study, and was constantly poring over her books. She was growing tall rapidly now, and her pale face and listless air showed plainly that she was overtaxing her feeble body. Ruth noticed, with a pang, that Kitty was growing more and more like their mother, and the increasing transparency of complexion and sharpening of features increased her solicitude. As the winter advanced, and a cough began to develop itself, she became really alarmed, and consulted first her dear friend, Margaret Janes, and then her father. The result was that Kitty was forbidden longer to attend school, and as the months went by, she was generally found lying on the lounge near her window of plants. Only the lightest of tasks fell to her now, and Ruth protested against even the appearance of work, although Margaret insisted that perfect idleness was almost as bad as overwork.

The beautiful valley contains a number of farm-houses now, and most of the tiny cabins have disappeared. And if you will climb any one of the steep bluffs that shut the valley in, you will see houses and fields, and even trees, where a few years ago was an unbroken prairie.

Kitty is fast regaining her health. Nearly every day she receives calls from young friends, for she is a general favorite, and there is one young man who comes oftener than the rest. But Wilber Ford seems to find as much pleasure in talking quietly with Ruth as in the merriest chat with Kitty. I am afraid, too, that Ruth has learned to know a certain

step, for there is one and only one that sends the rich blood to her cheek; and the long black lashes do not droop quickly enough to hide the sudden light in the dark eyes. But no one suspects this, unless it is Mr. Weston, who has long since ceased to visit Mrs. Blake, and Ruth has almost forgotten that anxious summer.

Once, Wilber Ford says to her, as he is leaving, "Next time I come, I hope you will be alone. I have something to say to you." His look told her what it was, but she only said "good-night," and escaped to her own room to think it over. After the first happy moment, came a thought of those so dependent upon her for their home comforts, and her heart almost stopped its beating. She threw herself on the bed in an agony too great for tears. When at last she rose, it was with a firm resolve to put away from her this love, so pleasant, and to fill, as she had long ago determined to do, her mother's place, as nearly as it was in a daughter's power. Falling upon her knees she earnestly implored strength from the source that years before she had learned to believe unfailing, and for her.

A few days passed—long ones to Ruth, who went about with aching heart but peaceful face, for she hid her secret well, and no one of her friends saw any change. Not even Margaret's loving solicitude detected a trace of the storm that had not entirely ceased to rage, though each day but strengthened her determination never to leave her father.

One lovely evening Tom had carried Kitty to some merry-making at a neighbor's near by. Don and Jamie were manufacturing a kite of magnificent proportions in the kitchen, and only Ruth and her father occupied the sitting-room. Ruth was reading some letters that evening received, and as she put the last one back into its envelope, she looked up to find her father intently regarding her.

"Ruthie," said he, "Wilber Ford came to see me to-day."

Ruth made no answer, and he continued: "Do you know what he wanted? I think I shall let him have his will," he added, as Ruth buried her face in her hands.

She looked up quickly. "I will never leave you, father," said she, simply.

Mr. Weston looked at her a moment, then drawing her closely to his side, he replied: "You have been a good daughter, Ruth; none could be more devoted. But I will not let you sacrifice yourself utterly." Then he added with an effort: "Would you be very much grieved if I should find some one to take your place? One who would be indeed a mother to the children?"

"O father!" gasped poor Ruth.

It had come at last. How could she see another in that dear mother's place?

Mr. Weston understood her unspoken thought, and replied: "I have not forgotten your mother, my dear, and cannot cease to love her memory. But Margaret can give me the companionship I need. She has become dear to me as well as to you, and—"

"Margaret!" exclaimed Ruth, raising her head. Then slipping her hand into her father's, she said: "I could not have endured it had you chosen any one else; but now I am very glad."

"Will you tell Kitty, Ruth? I will speak to Tom myself."

Ruth promised; and as a knock was heard at the door, Mr. Weston reached his hat and said, smilingly: "I believe I will go and see Margaret; Wilber does not want to talk to me to-night."

What conversation passed between Ruth and her lover is no concern of ours. The boys ran in often for suggestions, or to report progress in their kite-making; but the talk flowed quietly on in spite of interruptions; so all must have been harmonious.

The next day Kitty was kept to her sofa by a severe headache, the result of her mild dissipation the evening before. But toward night she felt better, and insisted on arranging the tea-table. When nearly through, Jamie came rushing in, shouting: "See my eye, sister! Isn't it a beauty?"

When it was praised to his heart's content, he carried it away, and Kitty went on with her task.

Presently Ruth and the little boy came in.

"Oh, I'm so hungry!" Then catching sight of the waiting table, he said: "Goody! supper's most ready, and there comes father."

"Well, run and tell Tom that Kitty sends compliments, and particularly requests him to be expeditious," said his sister, as she went back to the sofa.

Away ran the boy, calling, "Tommy! Oh, Tommy!" "Halloo!" answered Tom's voice; and running up, almost breathless, Jamie cried: "Kitty sends compliments, and peticularly requests you to be expeditious. Say, Tommy, supper's ready, and I caught a fish!"

Meanwhile Ruth had drawn a chair to her sister's side and said: "Kitty, I have something to tell you."

Kitty glanced up. "How mysterious you look, Ruthie. What is it?"

Ruth scarcely knew how to begin; she was uncertain how Kitty would receive her tidings; so she answered slowly: "Kitty, darling, would you mind it very much if father should—marry Margaret?"

Kitty opened her eyes very wide. "What made you dream of such a thing?" Without waiting for a reply, she went on: "Yes, I think I should mind it very much. I do not like to think of even Margaret Jones taking our dear mother's place." And Kitty put her head down upon the pillow and burst into tears.

"Don't, Kitty!" said her sister. "Father has not ceased to love mother, I am sure. And Margaret is so sweet and lovable it will be a pleasure to have her here always. I am very glad. Besides," she went on, "if you do not like it so well, you shall come with me, dear."

Kitty sat up very straight. "Are you going away, Ruthie? I thought you said you were pleased."

Ruth blushed rosily; she had not intended to

betray her own secret yet; but there was now no help for it.

"Not far, dear; only—O Kitty! don't you understand?"

A sudden light broke in upon Kitty. "You mean you are going to marry Wilber Ford?"

Ruth nodded.

Kitty flew at her sister and hugged her till both were nearly breathless.

"You sly puss!" she said. "No wonder you are glad."

That evening, when Kitty and her father were left alone for a few minutes, she came to his side and said bravely: "Ruth told me to-day, father, and—I am glad for your sake."

Mr. Weston drew the slight form closer with a tender embrace, and she went on: "I did feel badly just at first, but I think now it will be pleasant for us all."

A little silence fell between them; then Mr. Weston said: "How is the poor little head, daughter?"

"Oh, nearly well, thank you, father. Two such surprises in one day would cure any one, I think."

M. C. M.

DINNER IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

IN this meal we find the plenty and magnificence of the period mixed with its characteristic rudeness and discomfort. The huge oaken table still filled the central length of the castle hall; and at the hour of ten in the forenoon it groaned beneath shapeless masses of fresh and salted beef, followed by a succession of courses of fowl and fish, and curiously compounded dishes. The lord of the feast assumed his place on the *dais* (or raised part of the floor), at the head of the board; the friends and retainers, or holders in fee, were ranged above or below the salt, according to their respective ranks; and, as the luxury of a fork was still unknown in England, the morsels were conveyed to the mouth with the fingers, while wine, beer and ale, in goblets of wood or pewter, were handed round by numerous attendants. We may fill up this scanty outline by imagining the hawks of the master and guests standing on perches above their heads, and their hounds lying about on the pavement below. As the dinner generally lasted three hours, occasional pauses must have occurred: to fill up these the minstrels harped and piped, the jesters joked, the tumblers capered and the jugglers juggled; or, if a better taste prevailed, some lay of the wars of Palestine, or poetical romance of knight-errantry, resounded over the mingled din, and feasted the mind with something of an intellectual gratification. When we ascend from these every-day exhibitions in the mode of living among the aristocracy to the banquets of the palace, and especially those which were commemorative of important events, we shall find that they were of a similar description, with a greater degree of splendor and bustle. Coarse abundance, whimsical variety and stately parade, still endeavored to compensate for real discomfort.

WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

WHEN the crimson leaves of autumn
Fade and fall,
And the frost of death is creeping
Over all,
Like a dream of summer hours
Seem these white and odorous flowers,
Blooming in the time of snow;
Blooming after all the roses
Come and go.

Summer has her crown of lilies
Fair to see;
Spring her daisies, and her violet
Broidery.

And the autumn, for an hour,
Wears this little simple flower
Like a star upon her breast;
One that seems to be the sweetest
And the best.

Now no more the leaves of autumn
Fade and fall;
Now the winter's snow is drifting
Over all.

And dead chrysanthemums enfold
Memories in their hearts of gold;
For something lost a year ago
Came not back with bud and blossom,
Or the snow.

Well I know that up in Heaven,
All the day,
All the meadows now are blooming
Like the May.

Yet I cannot help my crying,
For the little children lying
'Neath a coverlet of snow,
Where the violets and the daffys
Used to grow. MARY A. FORD.

TWEEDEE'S MOTTO.

A ZEPHYR-WORKED motto, all scorched, and only two words on it. Queer-looking concern to be hanging up for ornament, isn't it? Well, you see me and that motto had to go through fire before we got acquainted. Once acquainted, it's "till death do us part," and nothing less.

I was married five years ago this April coming, and that was one of my wedding presents. My husband's sister Louisa—a little girl I never saw—Tweedee they called her, sent it to me through the post-office. She was nine when she worked it, and on her tenth birthday she was buried. You may depend, I set great store by it after that. Had it hung in the dining-room where I could see it every day.

Everybody said I'd done well—and you better believe I thought so—when I married Dixon Tryon. He was as good a bricklayer as ever handled a brick, owned a five-roomed cottage with a bit of yard front

and back, and had enough by him to furnish beside. I was sure I was the happiest woman alive when he led me over the door-sill, and said, with his best bow: "Queen Elsa, behold your kingdom, and command your most loyal subject."

Dix said a good many pretty things while he was courting me, but never anything made my heart thump harder than that did. There was a hard-working father and mother and eight girls of us at home. I never had anything my very own, not even my clothes, for we each lent them round, managing that way to keep three or four decent enough to go out and earn more.

Walking into my own home that April day, criss-crossed with rain and sunshine, there was roses on the parlor carpet so real I fancied I smelt them, and buds on the wall so natural I wanted a bunch for my hair. Then there was three hair-seat chairs, a marble-top table, Dix's photograph, and last, not least, a pair of blue-and-gold vases on the mantel-piece. In the dining-room was the rag-carpet mother and the girls made for me, a table, three chairs and a settee with a chintz cushion. As for the kitchen, there was such a friendly little stove in it, and what seemed to me so many pots and pans, I thought I couldn't help but cook good enough for the president.

It was only a make-believe sort of garden-patch in front, and something a trifle more like the real thing back. We stocked one with flowers and vines, the other with beans, corn and onions; then could hardly wait till they came up. The front yard was mine to do what I pleased with. I think my heart went out warmest to the morning-glories. The way they clung about the door and window seemed somehow a sort of clinging about me. When their blue eyes opened in the early light, and I leaned over them, it appeared as if there was a story there I'd never get tired of reading. When they come up their second season, something like as if a part of them was in my arms, clinging to me, and the story I'd never get tired of reading had crept into the eyes of a baby, into my own little daughter's eyes.

Trouble came before the baby did. Dix loved company, and couldn't bear to spend evenings at home when there was just him and me. So we went to plays, surprise-parties, and the like, I dressing as I'd never dressed in my life, and wanting all the while to be dressing finer. That made me fuss and fret; and by and by, when I couldn't go, and Dix went alone, I fussed and fretted more.

His mother wrote and gave us good advice, and we promised to profit by it; but after we'd been married two months, we just turned round and acted contrary-wise. Yes, Dix took to going out by himself, and didn't come home as he'd come when I was with him. I'd been brought up among temperance folks, and when I found out my husband was only going back to an old habit he'd laid aside and covered over to get me, I was furious. That didn't mend matters a bit. Nor did the baby's coming—as I hoped it would. Nor did her going, either. Earth's day was a short one for her. Like morning-glories, opening

in sunshine and folded up before the shadows fall, her little life slipped out of my arms before sorrow touched it, leaving me in a dark and empty world.

I began rushing around then for something to take away the heartache. I think that was where I lost all hold on Dix. Anyhow, he left off work altogether, and went to the bad fast as ever he could.

"Else," says mother, "you have it harder than ever in your life before."

So I had. I took boarders and lost money, I took washing and lost strength; then I crawled back to my old business, box-making, and tried to make both ends meet. Weeks and months run round, bringing nothing but misery. Worst of all, our house was finally seized for debt, and we went to room-keeping. When I hung Tweedee's motto on the dingy wall, I seemed to read it for the first time. "Watch and pray." What did it mean? Was it only for pious folks like my little sister-in-law, or was it something I was to do?

Mother used sometimes to slip off to church of an evening, but never said anything about it. As for the rest, we declared we were good enough.

"I work hard, and if I go anywhere I want fun," our Jane would say. "I don't like to be preached at. I'm as good as my neighbors. I never harm nobody."

After my husband stumbled up-stairs that night, and began growling about supper, I says, pointing to the motto: "Dix, what does it mean?"

"I d'no," says he.

"Well," says I, "I'm going to church to-night to find out. I guess there's a meeting across the street. I see it's lighted up."

Somehow or other I didn't get off, but every day and every day after that the motto seemed calling like a voice, "Watch and pray, watch and pray." The clock took it up and ticked it. Rain outside drip-dripped it on the roof—"Watch and pray, watch and pray." 'Twas as plain talk as ever I heard, yet I didn't understand one bit.

One night I was dreaming I was fearful warm, and trying to get ever so many covers off; when, all of a sudden, a yell took me right out of bed and stood me on my feet. It was in the room, and it was "Fire!" I was in a great heat, sure enough, and all around I heard a queer crackling and whispering that warned me there was no time to lose. The folks down-stairs had started it somehow, and neither of us saved anything except our lives and a scratch of clothes.

That night's work sobered Dix. He'd been going on awful for two weeks, but next morning, by the smoking ruins of that house, he promised never to drink any more.

"So help you God?" says I.

"So help me God," he answered.

We stepped inside the black door to take a look at what had been our room, and—would you believe it?—there on the smoky wall hung a shred of Tweedee's motto. What with the glass in front, the silver paper at the back, and the wire that held it, it was left as you see—the little "and" and the top of the

big letters gone; but there it was, holding on to the same old warning: "Watch—Pray."

"What does it mean?" says I, grabbing my husband's arm.

"Tweedee, blessed child, knew," says he; "and, thank God, we are spared to find out."

Find out we did, neighbor. Don't you see how it was? As plain as plain could be, we'd lived as if there was no God. We'd built our house on the sand, and when the rain descended, and the wind blew, and the floods came, it fell. I tell you what it is, unless there's at least one child of God praying under a roof, there's no chance for a family at all. Or, if there is, sometimes it does happen that irreligious people's "good things," like Dix's, go with them to the end of their earthly days; but there is no hope or mercy after that.

Watching ought to have been the walls, prayer the cornerstone, and praise the capstone, of our little home. But there was never anything of that sort in the first years of my married life. We just went on living as if there was no Lord above, and no here-

after, until we got to a place where we were almost destroyed. It served us right, too.

We are living humbly, as you see—only two rooms and an out-shed. But here's my dear, new baby, there hangs Tweedee's motto, and here comes Dix. I used to shake when I heard his step. He was awful when he got in. But now he's so kind and good, every footfall seems to say: "Peace be unto this house."

I expect mother and Jane to-night. Mother came right out and joined church directly after me and my husband did, and three of the girls followed. We'll soon, I hope, be a united family, and all through God's leading a little child to work that motto.

"Dix, would you exchange this bit of card-board with its burned letters for that oil-painting we saw yesterday?"

"Would I exchange this baby for one of the queen's grandchildren?"

"Indeed and indeed no!"

"Then, indeed and indeed no!"

MADGE CARROL.



SPRING AND SUMMER.

SPRING.

SPRING smiled in daisied meadows,
And laughed in murmuring streams,
And sang 'mid budding branches,
Aflame with sunny gleams;
As in the sheltered garden,
Among the opening flowers,
Glad with her fairy legends
To spend the happy hours,
A little child, so tender,
Seemed in her joy to say,
My heart and all around me
Are fair and sweet to-day.

SUMMER.

The summer blushed in roses,
And breathed in perfumed air,
And with her leafy banners
Shut out the high day's glare,
As in the gorgeous garden,
Abloom in royal state,
Enrapt, in voiceless wonder,
O'er strange, new thoughts of late,
A maiden, true and lovely,
Seemed in her bliss to say,
For me and earth full summer
In glory glows to-day.

FANNIE.

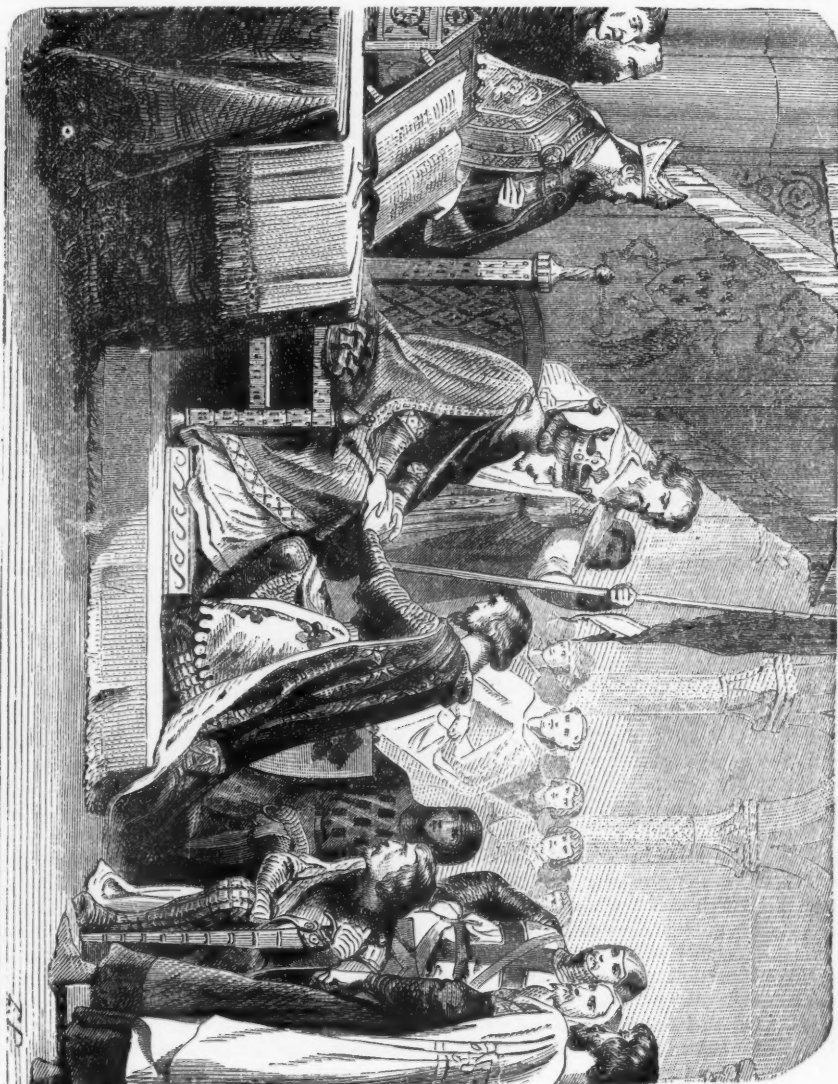
EPISODES IN HISTORY.

THE REIGN OF EDWARD I.

WE considered, in a recent article, the dissolution of a mighty empire, and the conclusion derived from such study was, the final uselessness of wars. But we ventured the belief, also, that in the hands of Providence, good results have

One of the most noteworthy times of strife recorded in history is the reign of Edward I, of England. By the circumstances of his descent, as will be explained, he was the natural enemy of France; by his ambition, he was impelled to covet the sovereignty of Scotland and Wales—so his birth and temperament alike seemed to make fighting between his land and contiguous ones a thing inevitable.

EDWARD I PAYING HOMAGE TO PHILIP IV.



followed them, the conflicts themselves leading to a happy deliverance from worse ills, even though wrought out in spite of deeds of evil, and undreamed of by the very agents. We may learn these same lessons by contemplating human energy in a more limited sphere, simply confining our attention to any period characterized by a remarkable prevalence of martial action.

Edward, surnamed Longshanks, was the son of Henry III, who was the son of John, who was the son of Henry II and Eleanor of Aquitaine. Besides, he was descended from William of Normandy. Aquitaine is a province in the south-western part of France, having a varied history, and figuring as the scene of many internal struggles, ever and anon being independent for a time. By Henry's marriage

with Eleanor, it passed into his possession. Normandy is in the northern part of France. Having given a king to England, his descendants still maintained a claim to it, as they had especially done since they had become possessed of more extensive rights in the country. From the time of John, son of Eleanor, until the accession of the present monarch, in 1272, there had been continued hostilities between the two nations. But Edward desired, as much as possible, to keep out of active war with his southern neighbor, thinking the conquest of the whole island of Britain an undertaking far more profitable.

He first turned his attention to the reduction of Wales, meeting, however, so brave a resistance that not until 1284, did he succeed in establishing his authority over it. Llewelyn ap Griffith, King of Wales, one of the bravest princes of whom we have any record, opposed him so strongly that it is highly probable that had he not been weakened by stratagem, he never would have been subdued by his English rival. The spirit of study independence spread throughout his people. We find the Welsh bards using all possible passionate energy to inspire noble and peasant alike to deeds of valor. Gray's celebrated poem, beginning:

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king,
Confusion on thy banners wait!"

represents one of their minstrels reproaching the invader, before plunging himself into the depths of the river Conway in despair at the woes which had overwhelmed his land. But in spite of the heart-rending scenes which always follow in the footsteps of war, Edward was not deterred from his purpose, and when Llewelyn was killed by Mortimer, in 1282, fate seemed to play directly into his hands. After continuing the struggle for awhile, he addressed the Welsh people, and asked them, seeing that they now had no king, if they would accept to rule over them a prince who was born in their country, and could speak no other language than theirs. Rashly they answered that they would. For their sovereign, then, he gave them his *newly-born son*. There was no help for it, and hiding their chagrin as best they could, the Welsh realized that henceforth their land would be but a dependency of England. Edward II, therefore, was styled Prince of Wales, a title which has ever since been borne by the heir to the British throne.

In Scotland, an opposition just as determined, but more successful, met the hostile endeavors of Edward the Longshanks. The gallant exploits of William Wallace and Robert Bruce, which still excite the admiration of the world, were directed to keeping out the merciless invader. Though for eighteen years Edward was engaged in fighting the Scots, and succeeded in reducing them to submission, he died, in 1307, without having acquired any regal sway over them.

In the meantime, his claims in France, even though against his will, were threatening to make difficulties for him with that country. Philip IV, surnamed the Handsome, had ascended the throne in

1285, and he did not overlook the fact that Edward had rights in Aquitaine and Normandy, and he resolved to simplify matters by requiring of the English king submission, or, in the event of failing to obtain it, to declare war. Philip summoned Edward to Paris to pay him homage. The mighty sovereign of the whole isle of Britain, rendered so by his own greatness, could well afford to relinquish two petty principalities in a foreign land—besides he had his hands full with his affairs at home, and it was not to his interest to become involved elsewhere, so he repaired thither with a good grace, and on his knees before the potentate of France, repeated the solemn form of fealty. A treaty of peace was confirmed which also provided for a yearly subsidy to be paid to the King of England in consideration of his relinquishment of all his rights to French territory.

But commercial quarrels between their subjects, drew the two monarchs into hostilities, and from 1292 to 1296, Edward, in addition to his actions in Scotland, was harassed by troubles in the south-west of France. After a season of disturbances with Philip, during which he recovered Aquitaine, war was declared in 1306; but Edward died, in 1307, before it had really commenced. Edward II proceeded at once to do homage in his turn, concluded peace, and married Isabel, the daughter of Philip.

Thus it will be seen that for thirty-five years, during the whole public life of one man, confusion, distress, terror and bloodshed were spread abroad among thousands of innocent people throughout England, Scotland, Wales and France. And the result of this long period of sin and sorrow, we see, so far as benefit to the cause of all is concerned, simply nothing. He gained dominion over Wales, not by the hearts and lives he had destroyed, but by acts of treachery; all his attempts to subdue Scotland, and the misery into which he plunged the land, were in vain; and the little he did in France, his successor undid immediately. And at the present day, Wales is, in interests, manners and language, a distinct nation; Scotland, distinct also, has become allied to England, not by war, but by inheritance and treaty alone; and Aquitaine and Normandy are parts of a young republic.

But civilization must spread, patriotism flourish and freedom prevail. They would follow just as surely in the wake of commercial, mechanical and scientific activity—but so they will, wherever in a barbarous time a barbarous people puts forth its energies in the form most compatible with the existing spirit of things. Growth has ever been the consequence of mighty endeavor. The palace of the great Llewelyn was nothing but an immense, rude hut of logs; the love of country has been kept alive, in Scottish heart, through many generations by the inspiring thought of the honored names of Wallace and Bruce; and the liberty-loving citizens of free provinces owe their sturdiness to their descent from strong defenders of the soil. We fully believe that for every wrong, there has been, or will yet be

abundant compensation. So we must not, on the one hand, think of the past as all a mistake, the present, perfection; nor, on the other, of the past as glorious, the present, degenerate. But we should consider earth and humanity as still in the hands of their Creator, who has ordained that beauty and development shall be their portion; that so long as anything remains to be done, there is abundant room for masterly effort; and that in consequence of onward progress and heroic endeavor, wars shall cease forevermore, and man, sinking not as a result into inane passivity, shall rise nobly to his true mission as a blessed angel of healing. H.

A SKETCH OF PLACES ABROAD.

IN visiting England, there are three places that so beautifully illustrate her old life, with its changes of war and battle, and its revelries and kindlier deeds of charity and pity, that I always group them together in my mind, and by their aid make a picture of our England as it was in old days, when our forefathers still lived there.

First of all is Kenilworth Castle, with its associations with the Virgin Queen, the courtly Raleigh, the brave Leicester, and his heroic and poetic young nephew, Philip Sidney; last of all, with Shakespeare and his kingdoms of fancy and enchantment. With all the gay revels and masques of that gay age, Kenilworth is linked, and we fancy it blazing with lights, and its courtyards echoing with festive sounds; but the present reality contrasts strongly with such imaginations.

Our route to Kenilworth lies by way of Leamington, a lovely town on the river Leam, which is resorted to on account of its mineral springs, and whose clean, broad streets, gardens and pleasant dwellings render it an attractive place of residence. The journey to this town leads us through a most delightful part of England, "wonderful for its undulating beauty, its softness and its pleasing variety of woods, fields, hills and meadows, arrayed in the light, glad green of summer."

An open carriage at Leamington was procured, in which the party drove along a smooth road, well shaded with noble trees, until, after crossing a small stream, a sudden turn of the road brought us before Kenilworth Castle. After leaving the carriage, and entering, one by one, through a small wicket-gate in the wall, they found themselves opposite Leicester's Gateway, a square tower with turrets, now the home of the keeper of the place and his family.

The grand old place has fallen into the ruin of slow decay, and the green ivy has covered closely window and archway. The buildings are of great extent, very irregular, and built at different periods. Around them flows a lovely stream.

Cæsar's Tower, built by a Norman architect in the reign of Henry I, is the oldest and yet the best preserved portion of all, wonderful for its massive solidity and the intricacy of its construction. Underneath this tower are the dark prisons, where no

morning sunlight or splendor of noontide or sunset ever enters.

In the west end are the remains of the great banqueting-hall, built by John of Gaunt. Its spiral staircases, its wide fireplaces, its stately walls and grand spaces, seem especially fitted to the scenes of royal entertainment which were enacted here when the whole place was rich with banners and heraldic devices, and crowds came and went continually.

But only the footsteps of travelers from Elizabeth's far-off Virginia sounded here now; no banners wave from its towers, no trophies hang on its walls, no lights blaze through its windows—only the open arches and broken doorways were seen, dark against the soft blue sky of summer, and the golden sunshine glistened on the glossy green of the heavy masses of ivy.

Then in Yorkshire a visit was paid to the old Castle of Scarborough, so prominent in the wars of the land. It is wholly different from Kenilworth in appearance and character, for it is a war-like fortress, situated high on a rocky hill, "round whose base chafes or thunders the great sea forever." Overhead float the quiet clouds, and birds whirl and wheel airily around the broken topmost tower, which rises dominant over steadfast land and restless ocean. Looking down, we see the little harbor, crowded with masts and rigging, and on the far-stretching waves move the light boats. Along the golden sands you see gayly-dressed groups coming and going, and about you spreads, like another sea, the fresh, keen air of Yorkshire.

Third in my picture, and contrasting vividly with Kenilworth and Scarborough, comes the old St. Peter's Hospital of Bristol. It is built on Temple Street, full of interest from the quaint, gabled houses which overhang it, and which look as if they concealed many a story of human life. From all parts of this street can be seen the splendid tower of the richly-decorated Temple Church, rising up toward the sky like a symbol of the higher life of the faithful soul. Lower down stands the hospital, where the sick and maimed were brought and nursed, and patiently ministered unto in the dark current which underflows the history of action with endurance of pain. From the memories of Kenilworth's revelry and pomp, from the days of peril and war on which Scarborough had looked, it seemed well to come to this old mansion of the destitute and afflicted, and see it so strongly and enduringly built, and so carefully and richly decorated by those who lovingly remembered that "the poor ye have always with you."

E. F. MOSBY.

A CHILD in its little bed at night wakes in the darkness and calls out: "Mamma, are you there?" The mother answers: "Yes, darling—go to sleep." The child is reassured, and rests in confidence. Its doubt is not unnatural. But better than this is the trust which prompts a child to say on waking: "I cannot see mamma, but I know she would not leave me; I am sure she is close at hand."

REMINISCENCES OF A POET AND OF A STATES-MAN.

"I hate that people should come to see me,
I know that it dispels the illusion."

MADAME DE LA ROCHEJAQUELIN.

ST. PAUL says, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." We may add to this, "be not forgetful of any of those in our midst, but note well their ways and peculiarities, as possibly there may be among those near us some great man, or some remarkable woman in an incipient state, for at all times we are surrounded by 'village Hampdens,' 'mute, inglorious Miltons' and 'guiltless Cromwells,' those whom, if circumstances had so ordained, would doubtless have distinguished themselves in life." These reflections have arisen from my having a few days since, here in Richmond, visited the stately mansion, where, as the adopted son of John Allen, Esq., were passed the first years of childhood and early youth of Edgar Allan Poe. As I stood in the noble hall, adorned with fine pictures, and from the piazza viewed the beautiful landscape on the south side, from which we were separated by the windings of James River, and encircling the dwelling, the brave old oaks, the gnarled trees, the smooth lawns, where amid the deep green grass were still blooming the same flowers planted more than fifty years ago, and on which doubtless the poet's eyes had often rested, it occurred to me that such environments would naturally have brought forth and nurtured much poetic feeling. Wordsworth's genius, it is easy for us to perceive, drew inspiration from the romantic scenery by which his college was surrounded, and Walter Scott, both in prose and verse, was influenced by the hills and the highlands, so dear to his heart in the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the eagle and the flood."

But Edgar A. Poe did not resemble either of these in his pure perception of simple things, being more of the Byronic school, and, like Byron, in all of his writings having no hero but himself, for nearly all that Poe wrote in the last years of his life, including some of his best poetry, were biographies of himself; the remarkable poem of the "Raven" being a reflection and echo of his own history; his unamiable, envious disposition and cold cynicism having left their impress throughout his works. Of late years, so much has been published of deep sentiment, which probably was never felt by Edgar A. Poe, and of early loves, which probably never exists, that such articles have become tiresome, and they may be compared to "more dying sayings of Baxter," the author of "Saints' Rest," the publication having been so popular with the public, that the author was encouraged to continue them, and to put out as many "dying sayings" as would have been sufficient for a moderate and seasonable lifetime. My first knowledge of Poe was when I was a small child, and he a youth of about nineteen, I suppose. His talent for poetry having

developed itself, he was employed by his boy companions to write poetry for them to present to the young girls whom they wished to propitiate, one of the young men getting him to write a piece to present to my oldest sister, who at that time was just fifteen. The poem was laudatory of herself, Anna Brown, Isabel Ritchie and Frances Colquhoun, three other youthful belles then reigning in Richmond. It was thus:

"If Fanny's roving full blue eyes
Each amorous thought inspire;
Not less dark Mary's do I prize,
Jet black, and all on fire."

It contained five or six verses, equally as trite. He also wrote, and presented to my sister a poem in six cantos, called "The Siege of Dunbar," which was of a higher order, but unfortunately it was lost, and my recollection of it is too imperfect to attempt a quotation of any length.

There are many in this beautiful city, contemporaries of Edgar A. Poe, who, at the dame school of good old Mrs. Fisher, occupied the same desk, contesting the prize in the spelling class; this good woman too often being required, like Shenstone's school-mistress, to "Redress affronts, for vile affronts were passed."

For it is a tradition of the old inhabitants here, that in addition to the incipient poet wearing, for the whole day as a punishment, a carrot tied around his neck, for having despoiled her garden of this wholesome esculent, she was often called to sit as umpire in contested games of marbles, in which Edgar appeared to claim unfair dividends in white alleys or alley tars. Who, that saw Edgar A. Poe at that time in a short jacket, apple and ginger cake in hand, could have divined his future brilliancy; or somewhat later, when his poetry was decidedly in a ready state, or at a period more advanced, when, as one of the editors of "The Southern Literary Messenger," who could have prefigured him as the author of "The Bells," still less as author of the "Raven?"

I have never desired to be on familiar terms with those distinguished in the walks of science or literature, and as a proof of my sincerity, I state that for thirty-nine years I have corresponded with a distinguished literary man and an author, without our ever having met, and I prefer it should be so, fearing that were I to see him, my ideal of him would be destroyed; that I should be like Miss Edgeworth's Angeline, who was so cruelly disenchanted on meeting her "amiable Aramenta," with whom she had carried on so romantic a correspondence.

I am reminded in mentioning Maria Edgeworth, of her visit to Walter Scott, who met her at the gates of Abbotsford, doubtless with such a cordial welcome as only such a man could feel at greeting such a woman at his threshold.

Miss Edgeworth said, whilst holding his hand, "Sir Walter, you are exactly such a looking man as I expected to meet." How few could have made this response! But who so well could have depicted to herself the manners and expression of one so honest,

so good, so pure-minded, gifted with wit so quaint, and an intellect so bright? None but Maria Edgeworth could so well have imagined how Walter Scott would have looked.

When a small child, I used often to see Thomas Jefferson passing through Lynchburg to his plantation, called then as now, "The Forest." His pride was to have manufactories of all kinds, not only at Monticello, in Albemarle, but at his Forest Plantation also. His carriage, made at the former place, was a most curious and wonderful affair, and like the chest of drawers in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," it

"Contrived a double debt to pay;

A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day."

This carriage was capable of being uncoupled and made into two buggies or gigs, as they were then called. Jefferson's accomplished daughter, Martha, was the widow of Thomas Mann Randolph, and to her large family of sons and daughters he was the most devoted grandparent. He never traveled with fewer than two of his granddaughters, and to see him with his snow-white head, surrounded by blooming youth, and taking such solace and delight in the society of these lovely girls, was a sight beautiful to behold. One of his great-granddaughters, Sarah Randolph, of Albemarle, has, in the last few years, written a charming book on the "Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson," containing many of his letters, which throw a gilded halo around the great philosopher and statesman. With an incident related me by my oldest sister, going to prove my theory that idealism is removed by meeting great men, I will close the present sketch.

Mr. Jefferson, as was his wont, had arrived at his Forest Plantation to spend the summer, accompanied by his daughter and grandchildren. William Radford, a high-toned Virginia gentleman, noted for his hospitality, and

"Who kept a brave old mansion
At a bountiful old rate,"

gave an elegant dinner-party to the author of the Declaration of Independence, inviting, together with other guests from Lynchburg, my sister, who, with her parents, went, accompanied by Judge D—, his wife and daughters. Mrs. D— being a lady of the old school, had instructed the young ladies to arise as soon as Mr. Jefferson entered the drawing-room, and make him a deep, old-fashioned courtesy. A venerable man entering the room, the young ladies arose instantly, making a deep obeisance, not to Thomas Jefferson, but to Colonel A—, one of the neighboring gentlemen of Bedford County; and so embarrassed were they, that when the author of the Declaration of Independence really appeared, they failed to give him any salutation at all.

I dare say that Mr. Jefferson was much better pleased, as he was a very natural person, and doubtless preferred simple want of manner to the artificial one, so laboriously taught then in dancing schools.

How much was my sister's awe lessened by seeing Mr. Jefferson eat, drink, laugh and talk like other

people, partake heartily of apple-pie and milk—a simple dessert placed before him at dinner, as he eschewed ice creams and such innovations. And, when on returning to the drawing-room, he became animated in conversation to see him, after the manner of Quilp in "Old Curiosity Shop," seat himself and affectionately nurse his left leg, her ideal of Jefferson was entirely destroyed. She could not be reconciled to seeing him otherwise than he had been represented in pictures or statuary, a roll of parchment in his hand, surrounded by Dr. Franklin and a host of other great men, including General Washington, John Adams, and others who made the group imposing.

"Men would say

Where, which is he, which is Bolingbroke,
And so my state, seldom, but sumptuous
Showed like a feast, and won by rareness
Such celebrity."

MRS. CLIFFORD CABELL.

FAIR PLAY.

THE old *Penny Magazine* gives the following story:

A nobleman resident at a castle in Italy was about to celebrate his marriage feast. All the elements were propitious except the ocean, which had been so boisterous as to deny the very necessary appendage of fish. On the very morning of the feast, however, a poor fisherman made his appearance with a turbot so large that it seemed to have been created for the occasion. Joy pervaded the castle, and the fisherman was ushered with his prize into the saloon, where the nobleman, in the presence of his visitors, requested him to put what price he thought proper on the fish, and it should be instantly paid him.

"One hundred lashes," said the fisherman, "on my bare back, is the price of my fish, and I will not bate one strand of whip-cord on the bargain."

The nobleman and his guests were not a little astonished, but our chapman was resolute, and remonstrance was in vain. At length the nobleman exclaimed: "Well, well, the fellow is a humorist, and the fish we must have; but lay on lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence."

After fifty lashes had been administered, "Hold, hold," exclaimed the fisherman, "I have a partner in this business, and it is fitting that he should receive his share."

"What, are there two such madcaps in the world?" exclaimed the nobleman; "name him, and he shall be sent for instantly."

"You need not go far for him," said the fisherman; "you will find him at your gate, in the shape of your own porter, who would not let me in until I promised that he should have the half of whatever I received for my turbot."

"Oh, oh," said the nobleman, "bring him up instantly, he shall receive his stipulated moiety with the strictest justice." This ceremony being finished, he discharged the porter, and amply rewarded the fisherman.

TOO LATE.

THE white cottage on the hill-side, with its lattice-work of climbing roses and honeysuckles, and its neat flower-bordered paths has a chill and lonely look to day. The shutters are closed, the accustomed signs of busy home-life are wanting, and the sounds of childish mirth that are wont to fall so pleasantly upon the ears of the passers-by are hushed and still, yet the parlor door stands a little ajar, and all day long there has been the sound of footsteps coming and going, for in that darkened room there lies the form of one, unconscious and still, who does not, by smile, or word, or outstretched hand, greet her visitors, some of whom come and go silently, while others pause for a few moments to discuss in subdued tones the sad event which has rendered a home desolate.

"It is a sad Providence that has removed her from our midst," said one.

"She had many warm friends who loved her dearly for her good qualities, her tender sympathies and helpful little acts of kindness," said another.

"She will be sadly missed by her family," said a third.

And so one and another paid their little tribute of love; for when we are dead the veil of charity is thrown over our faults, and only our virtues are remembered. Would to God that the world would be so merciful while yet we live.

As the shades of evening settle down upon the earth the outer door is closed, and the inner one opens and closes, and a presence is bending over the pale sleeper, warm fingers close over the cold hands, burning tears fall upon the upturned brow, and passionate kisses are showered upon the lips and face. Ah! if aught on earth could melt and warm up the frozen life-current, and send it coursing and leaping along the stagnant veins, the tears, and kisses, and the anguished cry: "My darling, how can I give you up? how can I live without you?" coming from the lips of the man whose wife she had been for a score of years without once knowing that she held a place in his heart above his worldly interests and love of gain, would do it.

Kneeling beside the still form, the conviction forces itself upon the mind of the husband that the flower that bloomed for him alone, had drooped and faded for want of light and nourishment. He remembers her unselfish and untiring devotion to the interests of the family, how she toiled and labored, giving everything without seeming to ask or expect anything in return; and how successful she had been in her efforts to make his home a sweet and restful place. He remembered, too, how often he had noticed a yearning, wistful, pleading look in her eyes; and he knew, now, it was a mute appeal for sympathy and for a love that speaks by word and act; and the cry forced itself from his lips: "Oh, that I could have you back for one short year, that I might prove to you the depth and intensity of my love, but it is too late!"

Now the wayward sons are bending over their mother, and thinking, with tearful eyes, of the many times they have found her at a late hour awaiting their coming, of her warnings, and her gentle, loving endeavors to draw their footsteps from the path of danger; and how patiently and tenderly she had taught them the right, and set before them the wrong and their way of escape from it.

This time it is the daughters' tears that bedew the sad, white, patient face. The daughters' tears that flow all the more freely as they remember how often their own self-indulgence and love of ease prevented them from lightening mother's burdens! How often impatience under restraint, or want of submission to her just requirements has added to her cares and sorrows! How faithfully does memory portray every act of thoughtlessness, neglect, or of insubordination. Oh, that it were not too late to ask her forgiveness, and to begin anew the performance of the duties they owe to her by virtue of her motherhood!

A splendid coffin, a hearse to convey the remains to the grave, and a costly monument are the alabaster boxes that are opened for her burial, for the husband says: "We will bury her without regard to expense, for it is the last we can do for her, except to cherish in our hearts her memory."

A mahogany coffin, satin-lined and richly trimmed for one who had spent her lifetime in a home scantily and uncomfortably furnished. A splendid hearse to ride in to the grave, when the tired mother had walked a mile every Sabbath morning to church because her spiritual needs required the service; and because the horses must rest after the week's work. A ride in the hearse for the inanimate form that had so often climbed into the heavy farm-wagon to ride a distance of eight or ten miles and back again for fear a sudden dash of rain or splash of mud might soil the carriage and require an outlay of strength to make it presentable again; and a monument might be necessary to tell that she who found so little rest on earth, had found it at last in the grave; and if in cherishing her memory there comes up before the mental vision, with acute distinctness, sad instances of kindness and duty neglected, let it serve as a reminder to future faithfulness toward those who are left.

TOO LATE! What a sad combination of words! How much of sorrow, of remorse and of lost opportunities do those two words convey! Too late to right a wrong, to bestow a favor, to set a godly example, to exert a good influence, to speak the words that might have turned the scale for good in one's life, or drew away the feet of another from the path of danger or disgrace! Too late for repentance, or to hear the sweet words of forgiveness from the lips of those we have wronged.

The incense of a thousand alabaster boxes, broken at the burial of those we love, will avail nothing when once they have gone out from us. What a world of sorrow, suffering and remorse might be spared by a due consideration of what we owe to those who mingle with us in the scenes of every-day

life. In the relation of husband, wife, parent, child, brother and sister, and in all our intercourse with our fellow-men, there are certain duties binding upon us, the neglect of which will lay the foundation of a repentance that will be not only bitter, but too LATE.

CELIA SANDFORD.

HOW WAR IS MADE.

AS Francis I was one winterly night warming himself over the embers of a wood fire, and talking with his first minister of sundry things for the good of the State, "It would not be amiss," said the king, stirring up the embers with his cane, "if this good understanding between us and Switzerland was a little strengthened."

"There is no end, sire," replied the minister, "in giving money to those people; they would swallow up the treasury of France."

"Pooh, pooh!" answered the king, "there are more ways, Monsieur le Premier, of bribing States besides that of giving money. 'I'll pay Switzerland the honor of standing godfather for my next child.'"

"Your majesty," said the minister, "in so doing would have all the grammarians in Europe upon your back. Switzerland, as a republic, being a female, can in no construction be a godfather."

"She may be godmother," replied Francis, hastily; "so announce my intentions by a courier to-morrow morning."

"I am astonished," said Francis I, that day fortnight, speaking to the minister as he entered the closet, "that we have had no answer from Switzerland."

"Sire, I wait upon you this moment," said Monsieur le Premier, "to lay before you my dispatches upon that business."

"They take it kindly?" said the king.

"They do, sire," replied the minister, "and have the highest sense of the honor your majesty has done them; but the republic, as godmother, claims her right in this case of naming the child."

"In all reason," quoth the king, "she will christen him Francis, or Henry, or Louis, or some name that she knows will be agreeable to us?"

"Your majesty is deceived," replied the minister; "I have this hour received a dispatch from our resident, with the determination of the republic on that point also."

"And what name has the republic fixed on for the dauphin?"

"Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego," replied the minister.

"By St. Peter's girdle, I will have nothing to do with the Swiss," cried Francis I, pulling up his breeches, and walking hastily across the floor.

"Your majesty," replied the minister, calmly, "cannot bring yourself off."

"We'll pay them money," said the king.

"Sire, there are not sixty thousand crowns in the treasury," answered the minister.

"I'll pawn the best jewels in my crown," quoth Francis I.

"Your honor stands pawned already in this matter," answered the premier.

"Then, Monsieur le Premier," said the king, "by heaven, we'll go to war with them."

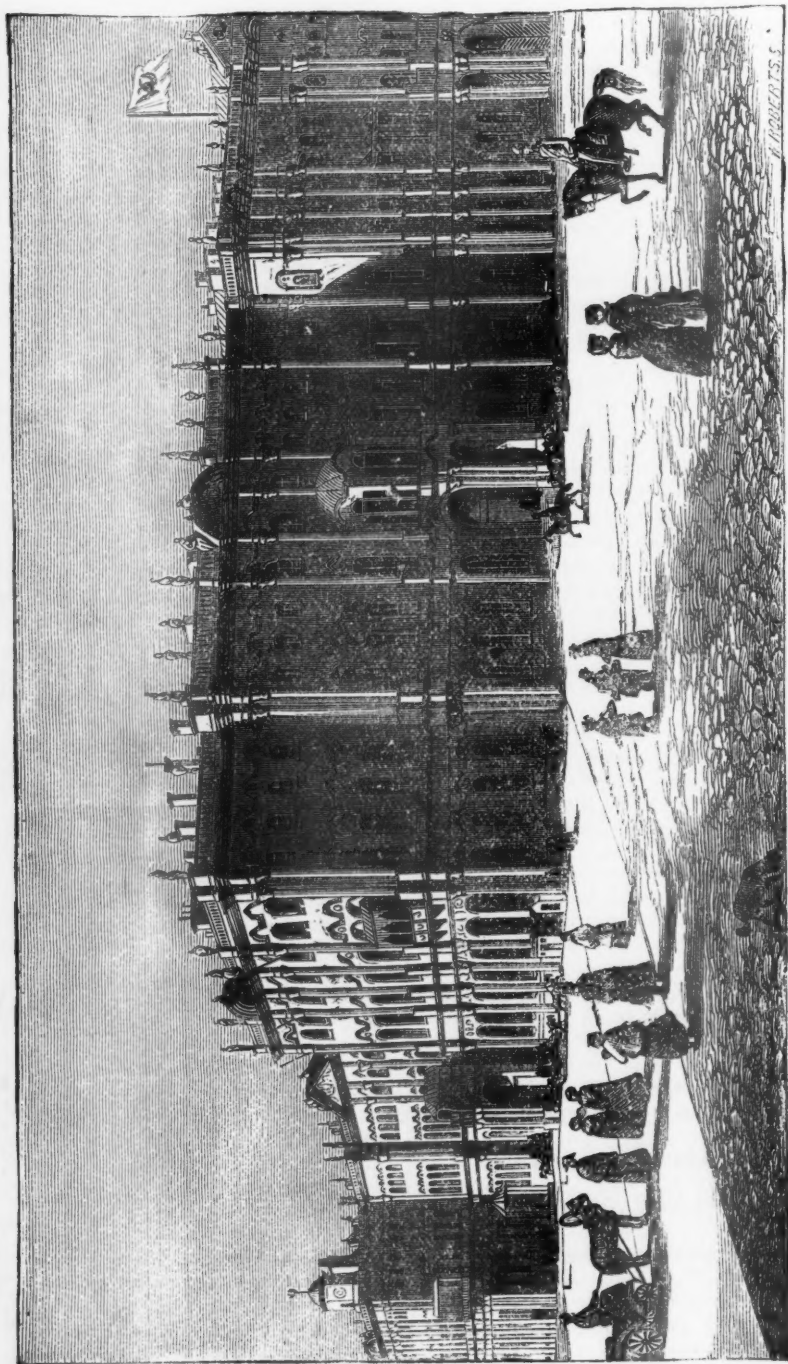
But the following circumstances from the memoirs of the Duc de St. Simon is a sad illustration of the truth of the foregoing:—"The castle of Trianon was just built when the king (Louis XIV) perceived a defect in one of the windows. Louvois, who was naturally insolent, and who had been so spoiled that he could hardly bear to be found fault with by his master, maintained that the window was well proportioned. The king, turning his back on him, turned away."

The next day, the king seeing Le Notre, the architect, asked him if he had been to Trianon; he answered in the negative. The king ordered him to go thither, and told him of the defect which he had discovered in the window. The next day the king asked him if he had been to Trianon; he again answered he had not. The following day the same question was again asked by the king, and the same answer given by the architect. The king now saw clearly that Le Notre was afraid of being under the necessity of declaring that either he or his minister was in the wrong, and with some anger he commanded Le Notre and Louvois to meet him the next day at Trianon.

No evasion was now possible; accordingly they met. The window was immediately mentioned; Louvois persisted in his former opinion, Le Notre remained silent. At last the king ordered him to measure the window; he obeyed, and while he was so employed, Louvois, enraged that such a criterion was resorted to, discovered his chagrin, and insisted with acrimony that the window was exactly like the rest.

When Le Notre had finished, Louvois asked him what was the result. Le Notre hesitated. The king with much passion commanded him to speak out. He then declared that the king was in the right, and that the window was not proportioned like the rest. Immediately the king turned to Louvois, told him there was no enduring his obstinacy, and reproached him with much vehemence. Louvois, stung with this reprimand, which was pronounced in the presence of many courtiers as well as workmen and footmen, returned home furious with rage. At his house he found St. Fouange, Villeneuf, the Chevalier de Nogent, the two Tilladets, and some other of his most devoted friends, who were much alarmed at seeing the state of mind he was in.

"It is all over," said he; "I must have lost all credit with the king, from the manner in which he has been treating me only about a window. I have no resource but in war, which will divert his attention from his buildings and will render my assistance necessary; and, by —, war he shall have." He kept his word; war was declared a few months afterward, and he contrived, in spite of the king and the other powers, to render it general.—*Paxton Hood.*



WINTER PALACE, RESIDENCE OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY, ST. PETERSBURG.

A BALL IN THE WINTER PALACE AT ST. PETERSBURG.

RIGOROUS as is the climate of Russia, long and severe as are the winters of that northern land, the in-door life of the inhabitants may be described as being spent in an atmosphere truly tropical. The windows of their houses are provided with double sashes, between which are beds of sand, and around the seams of which are thick strips of felt, excluding effectually the outer air; the rooms are richly furnished with heavy carpets, curtains and bear-skins; immense stoves and furnaces keep up a perpetual summer heat; and gorgeous flowers, graceful vines and splendid exotic plants flourish everywhere, diffusing a spirit of luxuriant loveliness.

Just as the austerities of the weather offer no obstacle to the enjoyment of home pleasures, do they interfere not with the festivities of the season. Notwithstanding the piercing iciness of the out-door atmosphere, ladies in thin dresses, with bare necks and arms, may be seen moving in the dance.

On the occasion of a ball in the Winter Palace, the vast space before it is alive with horses and carriages, silvered over with the frost, driven by coachmen whose heavy fur robes appear as though powdered with diamond spangles. The usual crowd of spectators, eager to catch a glimpse of hot-house beauty, is considerably diminished by the biting temperature, but even a large one would seem but a handful in the great area which could comfortably hold an army. But the charms of the fair ones are scarce displayed, for in their magnificent wraps of ermine and sable, so completely sheltered are they from observation and cold, that hardly can the outlines of their forms be discerned.

The grand hall of polished marble and stucco, long enough, and wide enough, and high enough, to form the site and inclosure of a small village, is illuminated with millions of wax-candles. Light pours from the ceiling, glows along the cornice, and showers from every available space, until the whole great room seems flooded with the glare of noonday. And beneath it appears spread a dazzling panorama, as of a colossal bouquet of flowers of a thousand hues, a revolving array of myriads of banners composed of gigantic butterflies'-wings, a shimmering sea of sparkling emeralds, gleaming rubies, blazing diamonds and glittering gold. And this mass of gorgeous magnificence, set aflame, as it were, by the wondrous excess of light, heaves and palpitates in numberless waves and currents, as though thrilled to life and motion by one mighty pulse.

As we would scarcely expect, we soon discover that this lavish predominance of color and glitter is most due to the men. There are uniforms and state dresses of the costliest quality, and of every conceivable hue, adorned with stars upon stars, and jewels upon jewels, of honor and rank, and weighted with gilded garnitures, even to a barbaric degree. The women generally, out of respect to the empress, who prefers simplicity to show, appear in plain white,

relieved by a few flowers and ornaments. But the white robes are silks and laces of priceless value; the chaste ornaments are pearls worth a prince's ransom.

The universal pulse now throbs wildly, and anon regularly, but still with a strong measure of excitement. For the imperial family is coming! The emperor and empress, followed by the grand dukes and the high officers of state, enter, pass through the assembly, occasionally addressing a word or two to one of their friends, and disappear through the opposite doors. And now all prepare for the opening of the ball.

The polonaise is the national Russian dance, being, however, more like a march. The guests fall back on each side, leaving a long avenue through the centre of the hall. The orchestra begins to play some spirited strains, and the czar leads off down this space, giving his hand to some lady whom he wishes to honor. After him come the gentlemen of rank, each with a fair partner, and so on, two after two, the living stream being continually supplied from the living wall on each side, until the whole concourse is in motion, and until all have made the circuit of the room. Color, and light, and flash, and sparkle, and glow succeed each other in swift and bewildering order, to the inspiring sound of wild, martial music. Here may be seen some Circassian or Tartar chieftain, in Oriental costume, in company with a princess who might be taken for one of our Western belles. Then follow polkas, and waltzes, and quadrilles, as known to the frequenters of gay gatherings everywhere throughout the fashionable world.

In another vast hall, larger than many a cathedral, the supper is spread, with the fair array of white-covered tables and shining silver, all veiled in a semi-darkness, amid which appear liveried servants, moving silently hither and thither. Upon a raised, velvet-draped platform is a half-circular table and some gilded arm-chairs, behind one of which is an immense sheaf of red and white camellias, signifying that this is the place of honor. Suddenly the emperor appears. Instantly lights gleam out like magic from a forest of wax-candles, creating a scene of fairy splendor. The empress, with several persons of rank, seats herself at the semi-circular table, where she is attended by twelve tall negroes in Oriental costume. After her, the guests arrange themselves at pleasure. The emperor wanders about, giving the honor of his company for a few minutes to this one, exchanging some remarks with that, seating himself by another, and drinking wine with still another. And so progresses the business of refreshment.

After supper, dancing is resumed. But nothing new appears to interest, and after awhile the ice-coated carriages bear away their precious freight. And soon the colors fade, the lights die out, the wide halls are deserted, and, after the manner of all things earthly, the ball in the Winter Palace comes to an end. And perhaps in this city of extremes, of squalor and sumptuousness, not very far away shivers many a poor family whom the price of one pearl from this pageant would render independent. M.

THE OPIUM MADNESS.

THE Philadelphia *Press*, referring to the fact that the habit of opium-eating is becoming alarmingly prevalent in this country, says:

It is high time that both press and pulpit should raise their warning cry against this insidious and destructive vice. Let it but once get a fair grip on its victim, and it rarely lets him go until death grants final release. During its despotic sway, it holds in most abject subjection mind, soul and body. Like a subtle serpent it winds—gently and slowly, but surely—its sinuous coils about its prey, and then commences the fatal and irresistible pressure, ending in the decay of all the faculties, mental and physical, and in the utter overthrow of all that makes life valuable or desirable. The habit becomes really a madness, one which exacts inexorably its daily stimulus, or, failing which, takes a terrible revenge.

All who have read that most wonderful and fascinating book, "The Confessions of an Opium Eater," will remember the obstinate and protracted struggle of its brilliant, talented author, De Quincey, against the deep-seated habit which so long held him in miserable bondage. He recites, with painful minuteness, his daily combat with the insatiable monster; how he would gradually diminish his doses, of almost incredible size, and then, when the final victory was deemed assured, how he would suddenly leap back again to his old overwhelming draughts. The impression is left with the reader that De Quincey finally conquered the habit which had for so many long years held him in thralldom. It is a mistaken idea. That gifted genius died an opium drunkard at last; so did the poet Coleridge, and so have done large numbers of bright and brilliant intellects—men and women whose lives gave rich promise of influence and usefulness, and yet who, under the fatal spell of the most destructive enchantment, have made most wretched endings.

The fact is, the habitual opium drunkard is snatched from destruction only by a miracle, as it were. Physicians who have made the disease—for it is a disease, and one that takes Protean shapes—a specialty, unite in the conviction that the mania is incurable, except in special hospitals, similar to inebriate asylums, with peculiar treatment and adaptations. Up to a certain point, the habit can be gradually subdued; all its vital and most innermost links slowly untwisted and made to relax their hold, but just then the utmost watchfulness is required. There will come reactions when all the faculties, deprived of their usual stimulus, become fearfully demoralized. Every nerve quivers, every muscle trembles, the depression is profound, terrible, excruciating. The mind and will are utterly broken down, and each suffering fibre of the system seems to cry out in agony and piteously to demand to be toned and braced up by the old and all-powerful stimulant against an utter and general prostration.

At such moments of complete abasement and

demoralization, if the cup of salvation were offered in one hand and the vial of opium in the other, the unhappy victim, such is his all-pervading agony, and so debilitated is his will-power, would madly snatch in preference the terrible drug, and so seek temporary surcease of misery. Blame him not; he is but mortal, and he has been mortally hurt. Then it is he becomes tricky and crafty, ingenious to deceive and sharp-witted to devise. He is in effect a monomaniac, whose every step and motion must be watched.

Even when pronounced cured and the patient has again gone back to his usual avocation and the endearments of home, there is constant danger of some sudden relapse. The advent of disease, business trouble or domestic grief; the loss of a dear one; any uncommon disaster; a profound depression of spirits—anything, in fact, which weakens the body or overwhelms the soul may straightway hurl him back into the awful abyss from which he has emerged with so much pain and such persevering effort.

When one thinks how easy this tenacious vice can be learned; how pleasant and seductive are its approaches; how by stilling pain, quieting the nerves, stimulating the fancy, and toning up all the languishing powers, it so delightfully grows into a fixed habit, the number and high character of its captives can scarcely elicit wonder. Its victims are select and high-toned. Like alcoholic drunkenness its prey is chosen from the gifted, the intellectual and the most admired for wit and fancy. For a delightful period the insidious, captivating poison courses through the veins like an elixir, toning the nerves, flushing the cheek, giving lustre to the eye, and stimulating all the mental faculties and sensibilities, but, at last, "it biteth like an adder." From a welcome guest, it has become an exacting and despotic master, and, at last the helpless and deluded victim wakes up to the dreadful reality that he is but the veriest slave, bound hand and foot, with all his firm walls of protection cast down, and an abject prey to the remorseless spoiler.

The only safeguard from this appalling opium habit is a perpetual vigilance as to what passes your lips—the only salvation, *obsta principiis*. Beware—no matter under what specious, alluring, or seductive guise it be offered—lest you should take an enemy into your mouth that will not only "steal away your brains," but which will take captive your whole body and immortal spirit; that will first still your pains only to aggravate them; will calm your nerves only to torture them; will tone up your faculties only to finally overwhelm them in irreparable ruin. This mocking, flattering enemy to man's happiness now lurks in many of the fashionable medicines and elixirs of the day. It thus enters the household like a thief in the night. It thus finds access to gifted and delicate victims who, did they but know the pitiless enemy they were welcoming, would stand back appalled at the abyss yawning so darkly before them.

It has of late become the practice of many thought-

less or conscienceless physicians to prescribe for fretful children or suffering patients, opiates in various forms and under different disguises. It is a fearful responsibility they thus take upon themselves. How can they escape the charge of murderers of both soul and body who thus bestow upon innocent infants or trusting patients a most fatal gift; who bring temporary relief at such frightful expense; who "keep the word of promise to the ear yet break it to the hope?" The fabled shirt of torture was a no more disastrous or tormenting infliction to Nessus than is that of a fascinating and palliative drug whose sole end must be irremediable ruin.

HAUNTED.

ARE not western woodlands haunted
By that dark stern race of men,
Whose brown tents once specked the valley,
Hill-side, river-side and glen?
Think you they do not revisit
All those olden haunts again?
Yes, the chieftain's plumes are waving
Dimly in the faint moonlight;
And a thousand Indian warriors
Rise up proudly in their might—
Indian wife and Indian mother,
With their eyes as black as night.

Is it all a panorama?
Little wigmaws brown arise,
And fantastic smoke wreaths quiver
Blue, softly to the skies,
And from each low door are gleaming
Pairs of shining ebony eyes.
Yes, I think the woods are haunted;
Mortals might not see the sight,
If they traveled through the woodlands
In the quietude of night;
Might not see the proud eyes flashing
Through the moonbeams cold and white;
Might not see the light bark moving
With the rivers sullen roar,
Nor perceive the dusk hands plying
In their iron strength the oar;
Nor the fierce and painted warrior
Dimly shadowed on the shore.

Think you not the oak could tell us
Many stories such as these?
I have often thought the bosoms
Of the old and silent trees
Were brimful of strange traditions—
Poems, legends, mysteries;
And I think dark eyes were frowning,
When our careless feet we press'd
On the low y' bed of mosses,
Where the Indian sleepers rest,
While with selfish voice we murmured,
"Drive the red men farther west!"

M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

LENOX DARE:

THE WOMAN SHE WAS.*

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. CRANE did not carry out her new decision at once. She would "take time to breathe," she told herself, and had Lenox Dare suspected the truth, and behaved at this critical time with ordinary shrewdness she might have averted the fate that was hanging over her. Had she stayed a good deal more in-doors; had she taken some extra pains with the household tasks—not severe for an ordinary girl of her age, it must be admitted—which Mrs. Crane set her; above all, had she, with a little tact, diverted that lady's thoughts into different channels, by bringing up the old times, and relating her childish memories of Colonel Marvell, the chances are that Mrs. Crane would have been mollified, and that the purpose which she had formed, not without a struggle, and in an hour of extreme exasperation, would have fallen to the ground.

But Lenox, who had no idea of what was impending, was at this time her own worst enemy. Never in her life had she been so heedless and absent. She went through her tasks self-absorbed and unconscious, like one in a dream. Mrs. Crane, in her present mood, put the worst interpretation on all this, and fancied Lenox's manner proceeded from indifference or sullen defiance, and she was aggravated in proportion to her mistake.

But Lenox Dare's behavior at this time might have puzzled a shrewder judge of human nature than Mrs. Abijah Crane. She had passed through a great crisis. New ideas, new feelings, a sense of new powers and needs had awakened in her soul. She was like some creature, groping in the dark, who catches no ray of the light, no sign of the morning. She herself only half-understood the new clamoring voices in her soul, but they gave her no peace. She had an unuttered, but abiding sense that things could not go on with her as before; that there was something for her to do, but what it was—where it could be found—this lonely, friendless girl of fifteen could not divine. Thick walls of fate seemed to close her in on every side.

"What can I do? There must be a way," she kept saying to herself, and it seemed to her the answer must come in God's great, wide, warm outdoors; and this was why she rushed away from the house, as soon as the dishes were wiped and the sweeping and dusting were over. She went off into cool, shadowy places of the woods, and paced up and down the green stillness for hours; she threw herself on the ground, and buried her face in her lap, while her thoughts groped within her; and sometimes she wrung her hands, and again the words forced themselves in a pathetic cry from her heart to her lips.

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"Ah, what shall I do?" and there came no answer through the warm, wide, shadowy silence; and the days went on, and the slender rim of the moon grew large and round in the summer sky, and Mrs. Crane grew more silent and more aggrieved, and the fate of Lenox Dare closed more and more darkly around her!

One day, a large old-fashioned china bowl, which Mrs. Crane valued, slipped from Lenox's fingers on her way to the closet and crashed into fragments at her feet. She had surmounted a pile of smaller crockery with this bowl. It was dreadfully careless, Lenox saw that clearly enough, when the sound of the smashing porcelain brought her to herself. She looked up scared and deprecatory to Mrs. Crane. The woman sprang to her feet with an impulse to lay fierce hands on Lenox, but she sat down the next moment, and only said in her tragic tone: "You've done it now, you careless, lazy girl! You ain't fit to be trusted with a dish more than a wild colt! Go and pick up them pieces!"

Lenox obeyed, glad to escape so easily. It would have been only a fresh aggravation to tell Mrs. Crane that her thoughts had been elsewhere.

That broken bowl, however, was the finishing stroke. That very afternoon Mrs. Crane went down to Mrs. Cartright's, who lived less than half a mile away on the meadow road, and hired Bill, the old woman's grandson, to carry her over to the woolen-factory five miles away. While the horse was harnessing Mrs. Cartright's tongue was not idle. She applauded Mrs. Crane's resolutions, and listened with great sympathy to the story of the broken bowl.

Mrs. Crane had a somewhat lengthy interview with the foreman of the factory. She came home that evening with an air half-mysterious, half-triumphant. When supper was over, she asked Lenox to go with her into the sitting-room. Mrs. Crane seated herself in the large rocking-chair, and took up the black fan. Then, in a few words, she told Lenox that she had that afternoon secured a place for her as a weaver in the woolen-mills at Factory Forks. She must be ready to go in three days.

The girl listened in a kind of blank amazement. She did not at once take in the full meaning of the words; but had Mrs. Crane told Lenox Dare that her head was to be taken off—that the block, and the axe, and the masked headsman would be waiting for her at the appointed hour, I do not believe that the girl could have been more shocked as the truth slowly dawned upon her. She was so far stunned at first that she did not show any very great feeling. Mrs. Crane, not in the least understanding Lenox, and curious as to how the girl would take this sudden, tremendous change in her life, watched her narrowly. The woman herself was laboring under no little suppressed excitement, and the black feathers trembled a good deal as she waved them to and fro.

"I am going to work in the factory! You have been to see the foreman this afternoon and told him I would come! Is that what you said, Aunt Abigail?"

asked Lenox, slowly, and in a sort of dazed tone, like one who is trying to feel the meaning of the words she speaks, and half fails to grasp it.

"Yes, that is what I said, Lenox," answered Mrs. Crane, in a high, rapid, decided key. "I've had this on my mind for a good while; I've felt it was high time you was learnin' to do something for yourself. You won't be of any use in the world goin' on in this fashion, moonin' among your books, and gallopin' off in the woods all day. It's no way for a reasonable being, and a girl of fifteen to spend her life. You've got at last to turn to and put shoulder to the wheel, and help earn your own living."

"But you never said anything to me before about the factory. Why did you not tell me, Aunt Abigail?" asked Lenox from her corner, still in a dazed voice, like one who has had some bewildering shock, and who still half doubts the evidence of her own senses.

"What was the use of talking about it, Lenox?" retorted Mrs. Crane, keeping up her high, glib tone. "I made up my mind to do the thing, and waste no words over it. It was high time, too. To think of a girl of your age laziness round out-doors as you've done of late. Did you s'pose you could al'ays go on in that fashion? If you had been my own daughter, I should have put you at work long ago."

This was Mrs. Crane's clinching argument, against it her conscience and her purpose braced themselves. She honestly meant to keep her promise to Colonel Marvell. He had charged her to deal by his grand-niece as she would by her own child.

A cry like that of some terrified, strangling creature broke out suddenly from the corner where Lenox Dare sat in the gathering darkness. "O Aunt Abigail, do not do that! Have pity upon me! Do not send me to the factory to work!"

The bolt had fallen. The quick was reached now. But that cry out of the young, agonized spirit, only hardened Mrs. Crane. Nothing is so cruel as blind ignorance and weakness. Mrs. Crane had nerved herself for a scene.

"Come," she said, in a hard, angry voice, "I don't want any actions of that sort. They won't move me an inch, Lenox Dare, so you may as well stop! What I've done, I've done for your good, and you'll live to see it some day. Why shouldn't you be put to work like other girls, I'd like to know? Who do you s'pose is goin' to support you all your life in doin' nothin'? If you was the right sort of girl, you'd thank me for what I've done this day, and be glad of a chance to take yourself off other folks' hands. I've got you an easy berth. I took pains to see the foreman and have it made smooth for you. The work's mere play—settin' a loom goin', and watchin' the warp, and threadin' a shuttle. It's true you'll have to keep at it steady—eleven hours a day—but I fixed it so you could have Saturday afternoon with your Sundays at home, and that's mighty good luck for a factory girl."

Lenox Dare, with her little white face, with her great dark eyes full of some unutterable agony, listened to this speech. She was fully alive to its mean-

ing now. Mrs. Crane had laid the young, quivering soul on the rack, and pitilessly turned the screws. This much can be said for the woman; she did not know what she was doing.

Lenox was dumb for a few moments; then, with a kind of convulsive cry, the agony within her broke out into prayers, entreaties, pleadings. I suppose the scene between her and Mrs. Abijah Crane did not last for more than fifteen minutes. She clasped her hands—this strange, silent girl—she knelt at Mrs. Crane's feet; she grasped the woman's dress; she begged her to spare her from the factory—as strong men have been known to kneel and plead in a passion of agony for their lives—men who died calmly and bravely at the last. But appeals that must, it seemed, have moved a stone, were powerless with Mrs. Crane. The woman, blinded by prejudice and ignorance, only found in Lenox's behavior fresh confirmation of her worst opinions of the girl. Her horror of the factory proceeded, Mrs. Crane thought, from bad temper and dread of work. Every gesture, every touching prayer, every wailing cry, only hardened her in her purpose. Do you know how obstinate and cruel these weak, easily moulded natures will be when they are blinded and angered? The winds and rocks would not have been so pitiless to Lenox Dare as Mrs. Abijah Crane that night. You would have thought she had not the heart of a woman in her. It was not, however, in the nature of this girl to bruise herself long against a rock. In her first amazement and terror she had turned instinctively to Mrs. Crane for help and pity. It was not strange; the woman had been very kind to her at times. In the agony of that awful moment she grasped Mrs. Crane's dress, only to have it twitched away, while the gray dilated eyes glared at her in a frenzy of rage. The woman stamped her feet and bade her leave off her tantrums and get out of her sight.

Then Lenox Dare suddenly grew still; a long, shuddering sob went over the slight figure. She rose without another word and left the room. The girl had made her last appeal to Mrs. Crane. She would never again, by word or sign, seek to move her.

The woman, shaken by her late excitement, sat and fanned herself violently. Her little gray eyes snapped and sparkled fiercely. She indulged in all manner of harsh and evil judgments of Lenox Dare. She made herself believe the girl would certainly come to some bad end if she failed in resolution at this juncture. She had carried her point, but underneath all her prejudice, obstinacy and passion, Mrs. Abijah Crane had anything but a comfortable feeling that night.

Lenox Dare went up to her own room and sat down by the window, where the moon in bright, mocking triumph looked down upon her. She folded her hands on the window-sill, and sat there with her stricken childish face. Sometimes she gasped a little for breath, but she did not sob or moan any more as the great black nightmare of her future rose before her.

She looked at it steadily—this girl of fifteen—while her heart sickened and her brain recoiled. She

knew a little of what factory-life must be, for one day Abijah Crane, when he drove over to the Forks on business, had taken her with him.

As they entered the bare, wide, sandy level, in the midst of which stood the great, red brick, four-storied building, with its staring rows of small-paned windows, she heard the deafening clatter of the looms, and wheels, and steam engines. The next moment the great factory-bell in the cupola sent its mighty clang over every other sound, and in an instant the vast machinery was silent. And as they drew up before a high flight of steps, Lenox caught a sound of scurrying feet. It was twelve o'clock, and the factory operatives were hurrying out to their dinners. For three-quarters of an hour the great, toiling, bellowing monster inside would be at rest. Lenox watched with curious, wistful eyes the loud human tide which poured out from the factory-door. She saw hard, rough faces of boys, and men, and young women, and girls no older than herself. Some of these had pretty faces, but others had a bold, vacant look under their sunbonnets and cheap straw-hats. Most of the faces, too, were soiled and smutted with the dust and dye of the woolen cloths. A few stopped to stare at her; but, for the most part, they rushed past her, a tired, hungry, noisy crowd, eager for their dinner in the great, unpainted factory boarding-house across the road.

Lenox, standing on one side, gazed at these girls, and tried to fancy what their lives must be. It seemed to this creature of the woods and hills something inconceivably joyless, hopeless, dreary—as far removed from herself as a life that belonged to another planet.

Afterward, Abijah Crane, thinking to interest his young companion, took her through the woolen-mills and showed her the great looms, where the girls sat or stood all day, and threaded the shuttles and watched the warp. She wondered how those girls lived shut up there in the noise, and dust, and sickening smells from early morning to sunset, while the beautiful day went on through its long hours of dews, and sunshine, and singing birds! How she did pity those young weavers! Did it seem to them that the day would never come to an end? Did their heads grow tired, and ache with the endless din, and clatter, and toil?

"Let us go away," she said at last to Abijah Crane. And he noticed she looked tired and pale as they went down the stairs; but his stolid soul had no conception of what was going on in hers.

Before they reached the last flight of stairs, the three-quarters of an hour had expired, and the vast machinery started up again. Lenox heard the clatter of the looms, the rush of the wheels, the roar of the engines. How glad she was to get away from it all into the free, glad May-day again, with its world of sprouting grass and budding trees, and tender skies over all.

This had happened months ago; but the whole scene had taken powerful hold of Lenox's imagination, and it had haunted her at times ever since.

And now, as she sat there by her small-paned window in the summer moonlight, there seemed to Lenox Dare something prophetic in her shuddering terror at that time. For she, too, was going to be one of those girls she had wondered over and pitied—she, too, was to wear out the long days in that stifling air, among those whirring wheels and clattering looms—she, too, was to mingle in that rude, noisy crowd of men and boys, of coarse, slatternly girls, who hurried down at twelve o'clock, tired and greedy, to the factory boarding-house.

Think of this shy, sensitive, finely-organized girl living all this over and over as she sat there in the moonlit silence! That vivid imagination, which thus far had made the great joy of Lenox's lonely girlhood, now turned into her finest torment, and reproduced every detail with harrowing vividness.

She wished she could die. The grave, cool, and soft, and quiet, had no terrors for her. It was only that dreadful monster of a factory, ready to strangle her soul among its grinding wheels, its battling looms, that she dreaded. It grew and grew in her imagination a vast, living devouring thing.

And the moon up there in the summer sky looked down with its bright, mocking smile on the girl's agony; and all the sweet sounds of the summer night, the stirring of leaves, the murmur of insects, the happy little winds that went to sleep among the grasses, could not wile her for a moment out of her misery. She rose at last from mere habit, and laid down on her small bed, and dropped into broken slumbers; but every little while she would start up suddenly, and find the cold, pitiless moon staring in at her window.

When Mrs. Crane met Lenox the next morning, neither made any allusion to what had passed the night before. If Mrs. Crane spoke, which was as seldom as possible, it was with a stare and a sepulchral tone, much as though the girl had been guilty of some crime. But all this was lost on Lenox. She had that to bear which made her quite unconscious of anything Mrs. Crane might now do or say. She went through her morning tasks mechanically; and when these were finished she started for her old haunts in the woods. Mrs. Crane did not attempt to detain her. She had made up her mind that Lenox should have her own way during these last days at home. As there was some preserving to be done, she thought she was treating the girl with wonderful generosity.

As Lenox was leaving the house, she came suddenly on Mr. Crane, who paused and looked at her with a grave, troubled expression in his large, ox-like face. She saw then that he knew. He laid his heavy hand on her shoulder, and shook his head solemnly.

"I am sorry things have taken this turn, Lenox," he said, glancing cautiously at the door. "I'm ready to help you if you can see how."

For a moment, in her loneliness and helplessness, her face flushed, her heart sprang to his words. Was there any help or strength in this man? But when,

asking herself this question, she darted a swift, doubtful glance into his face, her hope fell. Her flashing intuitions showed her there was nothing to hope for from this source. If Abijah Crane matched his will against his wife's, he would surely come off discomfited in that contest.

"No, thank you, Uncle Abijah," answered Lenox, softly. "You are very kind, but you can't help me."

She went off into the woods among her old favorite haunts, among the sweet, green, shadowy places where her heart had dreamed, and her thoughts had sung to her. No fairer day had ever bloomed out of the heart of midsummer, but all its fresh, light and beauty were quenched in a great darkness for Lenox Dare. The clang of looms, the dreadful clatter of wheels drowned the singing of birds, and the soft voices of winds, and all lovely sights and sounds hurt and harrowed her. She thought of the new strange hopes and aspirations which had thrilled her soul that day in the glen, and which had haunted and stung her ever since with vague reachings and longings, and she thought how these were to end in the doom that awaited her—in the life that was worse than death!

She wandered up and down the shadowy wood-paths with the hunted look in her brown eyes, and then again she sat motionless as the huge tree trunks around her, with her little pale face full of the despair that was freezing at her heart.

Oh, my reader, were you ever young—ever young—and did your life ever seem walled up, with a great blackness all around you, and in your loneliness and helplessness have you ever turned wildly on every side, seeking for some way out of that prison-house, and found none in earth or Heaven to deliver you? If you have not, then, unless your nature be gifted with fine and generous sympathies, you will not be able to reproduce to yourself this girl's feelings—you cannot enter into the secret place of her agony.

I am quite aware there is another side to all this. The girls at Factory Forks managed to have a tolerably comfortable time. They soon got used to the noise of the machinery, the relentless bell, the monotonous toil. They found this, of course, irksome at times, but I doubt whether the majority would have exchanged the factory-life for that of Lenox Dare, at the toll-gate. They had their holidays, their pride in their new, gay clothes, their evening pleasures, their walks with their beaux, their gossips and rivalries, their vanities and triumphs.

The weavers of Factory Forks earned an honest living and led a worthier life than many a fine lady who dawdles away her days in luxurious ease.

In justice, too, to Mrs. Abijah Crane, it must be owned that the woman had no idea of the torture she was inflicting. It was impossible for her to comprehend a nature like Lenox Dare's, and viewed from her stand-point, there was a great deal in the girl's ways and habits with which it was easy to find fault. It was not difficult to take her absent-mindedness for stupidity, her long, wasteful days out-doors for downright laziness.

The toll-keeper's poverty pressed harder each year, and it seemed high time that Lenox should begin to take care of herself. Had she been her own daughter, Mrs. Crane would have reasoned in precisely this fashion. It is one of the saddest mysteries of human life, that natures like Lenox Dare's should be in the power of women like Mrs. Crane.

The day wore away as all days do, whether their hours glide rosy and joyous as in that beautiful old myth of the Greeks, or whether they grind through long, slow tortures that make them seem like eternity.

The sun was behind the hills, and the dews were beginning to fall, when, at last, Lenox Dare rose, but of mere habit, and went home. Mrs. Crane's manner was not changed toward the girl, unless it was a shade more tragic. The three drank their tea in solemn silence, and Lenox did her part at clearing away the dishes before she went up to her little chamber, the chamber that was all her home in the world—that was to be hers in a little while no longer! She thought of that, as she gazed around the little, low-ceiled room. The moon by this time was looking in at the window again with the old, mocking brightness. Lenox sat down in her old place, but the strain of the day was beginning to tell on her, and she soon fell into a deep slumber. When she awoke, it was past midnight, and she was stiff and cold, and she crept into bed, where again she fell into a heavy sleep, and did not awake until it was long past sunrise.

The next day was, in all outward things, like the previous one. Lenox had lived over, in imagination, her entrance into the factory, and her first day there, until it seemed impossible, when the reality came, that it would be any more vivid to her.

The girl's last reading before she met young Beresford in the glen—she had read nothing since that time—had been a biographical sketch of Robert Burns, prefixed to an edition of his poems. The book had belonged to her uncle, but the Scotch dialect had long repelled her. One day, however, browsing among the shelves, she took down the volume and read the brief, harrowing story—the bitter ending of the poet's life. It profoundly impressed the girl's imagination. His appeal, a few days before his death, wrung out of his pride and agony, for the ten pounds which was to save him from being thrust into jail for debt, still haunted her. Those last despairing words, written on the Solway Frith, wandered up and down the girl's brain, and seemed to mingle with her own misery. In all the sad history of genius and poverty, there is nothing, perhaps, which has a more awful pathos than the dying prayer of the great poet whom Scotland first killed, and then built costly monuments and held grand banquets to honor!

"Spare me from the horrors of a jail!" went the pitiful words up and down Lenox Dare's brain. "O James, did you know the pride of my heart, you would feel doubly for me! Alas! I am not used to beg! Forgive me this earnestness, but the horrors

of a jail have made me half-distracted! I do not know what I have written. The subject is so horrible, I dare not look at it again."

The thought of that jail waiting for Robert Burns as he wore away the long, cruelly bright summer days on "Solway Frith," and the thought of the great, devouring thing at Factory Forks, waiting to swallow up her young life in its huge working maw, mingled confusedly in Lenox Dare's brain. It was giving way under its long misery. She knew just how the dying poet felt; knew the shuddering, the dread, the terror that must have worked in his whirling brain and sinking heart, as the vision of that debtor's cell drew nearer, and seemed to close blackly around him! "If somebody," she thought, "could only have whispered to the man hunted to death—to the great poet, who was to make the air of all the world sweeter and gladder for his singing—that his best friend was coming; that he would lead him into the peace and stillness, where there would be no more cruel creditors, no more dreadful jails to threaten him any more! Why could not something tell him that the end was so close at hand?"

Lenox Dare, through all her misery, felt a flash of joy that Robert Burns could die!

The transition to the thought of her own death was a very natural one. All souls, old or young, hunted and hemmed in, at the last extremity will turn with a sudden blind longing for the rest and calm where nothing can hurt them any more.

Lenox Dare had reached a mood where nothing seemed so terrible to her as life. In going over that time, long afterward, it seemed to her that second day had less fiery anguish for her than the first. Body and soul were more worn out, benumbed, by this time, with all she had endured. But the thought of death, as she sat there with her feet tucked under her, and the winds at frolic among the far-branching cedars over her head, came and tempted her. It was such an easy, swift, certain deliverance out of her misery! And then there rose up, before the girl, a spot where Cherry Hollows Creek widened and deepened less than a quarter of a mile below a little rustic foot-bridge. It was a wild, sheltered place, shut in by pines, and young oaks, and tangled vines. The place had always a singular fascination for her. A little footpath led down a steep bank to the creek. Abijah Crane, learning that the girl was in the habit of going here, had warned her to be careful, for the water was at least twelve feet deep at that point. On her return home, at night-fall, Lenox would pass the bank which stood only a few feet from the road. There was a point—she knew it well—where she could see the little footpath which led over the summit down through the brown shadows to the waters. All day long the thought of that soft gloom haunted the girl; all day long the still, shadowy waters lay clear before her, and in all the great, cruel world they alone seemed to hold a welcome and peace for her in their cool, restful depths. She thought of herself lying there very still, with no pitiless Aunt Abigail, no deadful factory to torture her any more,

and the thought grew wonderfully pleasant to the homeless, friendless girl—to the tired heart, the distracted brain!

Again the sun sank behind the hills, and the dews began to fall when Lenox Dare arose, out of the old, blind habit, to return to the toll-gate. For the last hour the creek had been drawing her like a spell. She had been wondering whether she should be able to get pass the bank with the little footpath that climbed its slope in sight! It seemed to her that a power, mightier than herself, would seize her when she reached the fatal point, and carry her down softly to the brink of the waiting waters; and she would not resist, she would go with it!

Lenox Dare walked in the summer twilight along the old winding highway without meeting a soul. All the time she was wondering within herself what she would do when she reached the footpath that led to the creek. She knew perfectly that everything hinged on that moment. If she once past the bank she would keep on to the toll-gate. But could she pass it? would she if she could? She asked herself this question a great many times, and out of the dark of her brain and the anguish of her heart, there came no answer. She went on and on. Perhaps her gait was a little slower than its usual, rapid, elastic one, but it was not from dread of what was coming. At last she reached a turn in the road, with her next step the bank would be in sight. Just there she stood still: a thought, a flash, a thrill went through her. She remembered that there was a God in Heaven, and that *He* must see and know all about this. It came upon her with a sudden, awful vividness. With a cry that was like a last agony, the girl sprang forward. It seemed to her that fatal something from which she fled, was behind her, was pursuing her, was close upon her. Each instant she expected it would clutch her, would overpower her, would drag her unwilling feet backward! With beating heart, and panting breath, she rushed like some wild creature hunted to the death, along the road. At last, faint, breathless, quivering in every limb, the girl was forced to pause. She drew one great, shuddering sob. A cold sweat was on her. But the bank by the creek lay far behind; Lenox Dare knew it was the thought of God that had saved her! That new consciousness thrilled all through her. The cloud of half-madness which had hung over the poor girl's brain through these last days lifted itself, so that a ray of light broke through the shifting darkness.

If she had thought of God in these days, it had been only to wonder how He could let this misery come upon her! She had felt He was too remote to heed or care for her suffering, but now, gasping, quivering with her bare escape from death, a new sense of His power and presence came over her—what if He knew all about His poor, little, hunted, suffering girl—what if He had been watching her loneliness and agony all this time, and was sorry for her!

Was that thought whispered in the air around her,

or did it awake in her own soul? Lenox Dare could not tell. But with a sudden, overmastering impulse, she sank down on the grass in the little footpath, already damp with dews; she lifted her pale face in the twilight. "*I, Father in Heaven!*" she said, "*I!*"

That was all! In that extreme hour her lips could fashion no longer prayer. But she felt that He would know all that it meant, that it would reach His ear, His heart of love and pity, and that somewhere amid the infinite spaces He would listen, tenderer than a mother, to the only cry that could struggle out from the soul of His little child, beaten by the winds, lost, out in the wide, dreadful wilderness of the world.

Then she rose up, softened and steadied, and went homeward. There was no new light on her way, yet she had a feeling that the God who had just saved her from destroying herself, must have some plan, would find some way to help her.

She was late at supper, and Mrs. Crane's silence was, if possible, a little grimmer than ever. Her husband looked at Lenox across the table with some anxiety and pity struggling together in his large, rubicund face. Once he attempted a feeble joke, but a grim glance and a tart rejoinder from his wife effectually repressed any further exhibitions of gayety.

The remainder of the meal was eaten in unbroken silence; but the youngest of the three had passed through that which would have kept her unconscious though the tongues of Babel had clamored around her.

The next day was to be Lenox's last at home. Mrs. Crane had been revolving this fact in her mind, and resolved that she would finally put a stop to this "gallivanting off into the woods." Lenox must be made to act like a reasonable being, and spend her last day at home in getting a part of her wardrobe ready for her first venture into the world.

The arrival of some neighbor soon after tea, happily made Mrs. Crane conclude to defer the subject until next morning, and Lenox escaped to her room. She sat down in her old place by the low window-sill. It was quite dark now, and the summer sky was all alive with stars. Lenox looked up at them, and heard the insects humming in the stillness. The sky and earth were changed to the girl. The cold, benumbing despair lay no longer at her heart of hearts. It seemed to her that a power and a care were over her—that some help was coming, she could not tell how or where. She must wait for it.

But she was very tired. In a few minutes the little, brown, wearied head sank down on the arms she had folded on the window-sill, and Lenox Dare fell into the sound sleep of youth and utter exhaustion.

It was almost midnight when she awoke. The moon was up now. It shone down brightly on her from among the stars. It did not seem the same cold, mocking moon it had of late. The calm, bright face up there seemed to gaze down on her with a smile of hope and promise.

Lenox had been dreaming of Colonel Marvell.

She thought he had stood by her with his handsome white head and glimmering beard, and smiled on her, and stroked her hair tenderly with his thin hand. She awoke with the tears in her eyes. They shone—those large, luminous eyes—as she looked up at the moon. But her brain was wonderfully steadied and rested, and her thoughts were all alive and at work.

Of a sudden Lenox Dare sprang to her feet. It was like the shock of a blow—the flash of that new idea across her soul. She stood there a few minutes in the moonlight, her fingers clutching at each other, her face all in a tremor of doubt, with a confused, tentative, trembling hope.

Then her face settled into a resolute calm, into a solemn purpose, into a great gladness. "I will do it!" said Lenox Dare. "So help me God, I will do it!"

As she paused, she heard down-stairs the century-old clock—one of the Marvell heir-looms—striking twelve.

"Now, Lenox," she murmured to herself, in a low, soothing tone, as one might to a child, "you have a hard day's work before you to-morrow. You will need all the rest and strength you can get out of this night. You must go to sleep at once and not wake up until morning."

In less than three minutes she had crept into bed. In three more she was sound asleep.

The old clock was striking five when Lenox Dare awoke next morning. The room was full of the new dawn, and she heard the happy robins singing outside. The face the girl lifted from her pillow was pale, but full of a resolute gladness. She made her toilet that morning with some extra carefulness, putting on her best clothes, which were sufficiently plain and old-fashioned. Then she crept softly as a mouse down-stairs.

There was little danger of her awaking anybody. Mr. and Mrs. Abijah Crane were sound sleepers, and if they had heard her moving about it would not have surprised them. She was often up hours before breakfast, and had long walks among the fresh dews and the singing birds before the sun had climbed the hills which sheltered Cherry Hollows.

Lenox set about what she had in hand in a quiet, practical fashion. One would not have suspected the girl was laboring under secret but intense excitement. Once down-stairs, she went straight to the pantry and forced herself to eat a tolerable breakfast. Then she slipped a generous lunch into a small willow-basket which Abijah Crane had brought her the last time he came from town.

Two minutes later she had softly closed the front door. What a glorious morning she had come into! How its sparkling dews, its fragrant air, its happy winds, its blue distances of cloudless sky, seemed to welcome her! Her heart leaped to it all. The thing she had made up her mind to do did not seem so desperate and half-mad a thing to her as it had the night before, when the idea first brought her to her feet. She walked rapidly to a little knoll less than a

quarter of a mile away. She saw the road she was to go on the right, winding up through the green, dewy pastures before her. She knew perfectly well that whatever surprise or anger her absence might occasion, she was in no danger of pursuit that day.

Then she turned and gazed a few moments on the little yellow house by the turnpike-gate. It lay there peaceful in the morning light. It had been her home for most of her life. All the happy days she had passed in the low-roofed chamber with her dreams and books, seemed to rise up before the girl. She saw the small panes of the window where she had watched so often flashing in the rosy light. A thrill, a shadow, trembled over her face. But it was her home no longer. She was going out to find whether, in all God's great world, there was another for her.

"Good-bye," she said, "old home, good-bye!" There was a sob at her throat.

Then Lenox Dare turned her back on the little yellow house by the toll-gate, and left it forever.

CHAPTER IV.

A LITTLE before nine o'clock, Benjamin Mavis came outside the front door and surveyed the sky. He saw an occasional star glimmer for a moment, and then hide itself behind the clouds that were moving up in vast gray masses from the horizon. A soft wind, with a low, grieving moan in it, was blowing from the south-east.

"The moon has changed, and we're in for a rain," he said to himself. "It doesn't look encouraging for my trip to-morrow; but that can wait until the weather clears."

He had just turned to go in-doors, when he suddenly started and stood still, seeing a small, slight figure close to the front gate. It had stopped there a moment, and seemed to be looking at the house doubtfully. A hanging-lamp in the hall poured its light through the open door on the piazza, and brought out in strong relief the stalwart figure against the climbing vines.

When the watcher in the road caught sight of that, she hurried inside the gate and up the path. When she reached the lower step, she paused, and stretched out her hands with a sudden, imploring gesture.

"Who are you?" cried Ben Mavis, moving forward, utterly bewildered at the sight of this odd apparition.

The stranger must have tried to answer. There was a sound that ended in a sort of dry sob.

Then, as the streaming light touched her face, the youth exclaimed in a voice sharp with amazement: "Great Heavens! It's Lenox Dare!"

The next instant he was at her side; his hand was on her shoulder.

"Where did you come from? How did you get here?" he asked, with the amazement still uppermost in his voice.

"I—I walked here since morning," answered the girl, with a tremor like a sob or a gasp in her voice.

"One man gave me a ride in a cart. I have run away. I had nobody else to come to." She stopped there suddenly. She would have fallen if he had not caught her in his arms.

"Walked from Cherry Hollows in one day! Great Heavens!" said young Mavis again. He knew the slight girl had come almost thirty miles on foot.

Then, without saying another word, he took the tired, trembling figure in his strong, young arms, carried it into the house, and set it down on a lounge in a little, softly-lighted home-like nest of a sitting-room, and shouted at the top of his voice: "Mother! mother! Come straight here—please!"

An instant afterward, there appeared at the door the rather small, plump figure of a woman, a little past middle life. She had a bright face and a fresh complexion, and still retained a good deal of the prettiness of her youth. She wore a simple, dark dress, with little gray-and-black curls on either side of her face. There was an air of motherhood all about the plump little matron; and she had a tender look in her eyes, as more than one person affirmed who had gone to her in trouble.

"What in the world do you want, Ben?" she asked; and before he could reply she caught sight of the slight figure on the lounge, and of the great, wild, beseeching eyes staring at her out of the young, pale face.

She gave a little gasp of amazement, and then her son spoke: "Mother, this is Lenox Dare. She has walked here from Cherry Hollows since morning."

"Oh, my poor child!" said Mrs. Mavis. The words were full of shocked pity. It was a cry straight out of her mother-heart.

"I had nobody else to come to, nobody else!" said Lenox, in just the tone in which she had said it out in the darkness to Ben Mavis, and then her voice failed her.

But when, face and hands full of eager helpfulness, Mrs. Mavis approached her, Lenox Dare suddenly sprang to her feet. She forgot her aching limbs, her dreadful exhaustion. With a swift movement she waved back the hands outstretched to her. "I must tell you the truth first!" she said, and then, before any one could reply, she began to tell the story of the last three days. Nobody in the world could have told it, as she did, with such a passion of feeling, such native eloquence, such limpid truthfulness. She lived it all over again. She held nothing back of all the misery, the half-madness, the dreadful temptation through which she had passed since that night when Mrs. Crane had first told her she was to go to work in the factory. She told how, sitting by her window the midnight before, the thought of Ben Mavis, and of the kindly mother of which he had told her, first flashed across her, how she had left her home before sunrise, how the thought and the hope had upheld her through the long, terrible walk of the day.

Nothing human could listen to that girl's story unmoved, and the hearts of the two who heard it—the tender woman, the manly youth, were touched to

the core. The tears were streaming over Mrs. Mavis's face; and Ben only kept his back by remembering that he was a man, and almost twenty at that.

"I am all alone in the world. There is nobody to help me!" said Lenox Dare, turning her great, beseeching eyes from mother to son, as she concluded. "If you will let me stay here a little while until I can think what I can do, I will be very good. It seemed to me if I could once get where you were, and tell you my story, you would not send me away; you would take pity on me and help me. So I have walked all these dreadful miles just to say to you: 'Save me from Mrs. Crane—save me from that awful factory!'"

"They'll never get you across its threshold so long as I've a sound bone in my body!" growled Ben Mavis, and his brown, handsome face flushed crimson between wrath and pity. "I'd like first to tar and feather that old toll-keeper's vixen of a wife, and then ride her on a rail!"

Then the soft, pitying voice of the mother followed the son's low growl: "My poor little girl, we shall never send you back to the factory—never! Nobody shall harm you now. You shall stay with us just as long as you want to, and we will take the best care of you."

Poor Lenox Dare! She tried to speak, but the words died in her throat. The sudden relief, the long strain, the utter exhaustion must have their way at last. She dropped down in a senseless heap on the lounge.

Three months before that night, Lenox Dare saw Benjamin Mavis for the first time. The young man, on his way to Seneca Lake, passed through the toll-gate, and Abijah Crane, always glad of a chance for a talk, induced him to stop and answer some inquiries about people whom the toll-keeper had known at Briarswild, the town, lying off among the hills to the west, where young Mavis resided.

While the two were talking, Lenox happened to come out of the house, and caught sight of a little, slenderly-built dark gray colt, standing by the side of its mare. Lenox had a passion for horses. She went up at once to the little graceful, bright-eyed quadruped, and put her arm about its neck, and smoothed its nose, and stroked its soft mane, and the shy, three-year-old animal seemed pleased with her soft, caressing touch. He laid back his ears, he tossed up his head, and then bent it down to her hand.

"O pony!" said Lenox Dare, hanging fascinated about the gracefully-built creature, and smoothing its glossy hide, "don't I wish you were my very own pony! Wouldn't we have glorious times together, all alone, out in the great, glad world, sweeping like fire along the still old roads, dashing up into the hills, and plunging down the river banks. Oh, you dainty, delicious creature! Oh, you bright-eyed, graceful-limbed, mouse-colored darling! You make me think of Pegasus, when the joyful nymphs found him drinking at the Pierian Spring; you make me think of Bucephalus when Alexander vaulted on his back

and rode forth to conquer the world; you make me think of Walter Scott on his favorite horse as he forded the Tweed, and dashed along the wild moors over the purple heather, or woke up the Scottish echoes as he blew the old war-horn of the Border! Oh, gray little colt, if you and I only belonged to each other, we would be the happiest, bravest pair in all the world!"

A little noise at her ear startled the girl. She looked up and saw a young man with a sun-browned, frank, handsome face under a straw hat, gazing at her with amused, astonished eyes. He wore a light suit of clouded gray. He must have been very young. There was only a light yellowish down on his chin.

Poor Lenox's cheeks blazed with confusion as she thought this stranger must have overheard more or less of her foolish talk to his colt; but he spoke at once in such a frank, kindly way that she was relieved.

"You've taken a wonderful fancy to my little colt, I see."

"I couldn't help it," said Lenox. "She's such a perfect little beauty. But my talk just now must have sounded very absurd. I hope you heard very little of it."

The young man smiled. What a frank, pleasant smile he had with his rows of perfect teeth! "I should like to hear a good deal more talk of that sort!" he said, still looking with a kind of pleased surprise at the little flushed, dark face, at the great, luminous eyes, all alive now with late excitement. "You must like horses better than one girl in—a million, I should say!"

"I don't know about other girls. I have had no opportunity of comparing my tastes with theirs," replied Lenox, with a little old-fashioned air, that would not have misbecome a grandmother, and that was the result of her isolated life and lack of all childish companionship and habits. "But the sight of a little colt always thrills me with perfect delight—sets me half wild to get on his back."

"Suppose you try Dainty, then?" said the owner, speaking on a sudden impulse. "Nobody has ever mounted her before, and she won't know what to make of you at first, but she is gentle, though she's full of life and play. She has no bad tricks, either, and you are such a light weight."

"Oh, thank you! What fun that will be!" cried Lenox, her great eyes dancing. "What a pretty name, too, and how perfectly it fits the creature!"

So the ice was broken in five minutes between the shy girl and the young stranger, as it might not have been had they seen each other for weeks under ordinary circumstances.

Afterward, he assisted her to mount the colt. The animal did not take it quietly at first; she plunged and reared her fore-feet, and made desperate efforts to throw her rider, but her owner kept at her side, and Lenox behaved admirably. She had been used to sitting on Colonel Marvell's old black mare, and was a natural-born horsewoman. The girl clung fast to Dainty's neck, and when the creature was rearing

her worst, brought her to her senses and her feet, by leaning over and giving her a smart blow on the nose. At last she quieted, and getting used to her rider, condescended to carry Lenox, at least a quarter of a mile up the turnpike, with only a moderate amount of shying and rearing, her owner walking all the time by her side, talking to her in the voice she had learned to know, and giving Lenox an occasional direction. Altogether the ride was a success.

When the girl dismounted at the toll-gate, a picturesque object, with her dark hair blowing about her unbonneted head, her face all alive with the excitement and pleasure of her ride, she felt better acquainted with the stranger she had met for the first time half an hour ago, than she did with almost anybody else in the world. They had learned each other's names, and exchanged some facts regarding their personal histories. The young man had come from Briarswild, a large, rather sparsely settled township, thirty miles west of Cherry Hollows, and at least a dozen from any railroad.

Benjamin Mavis's mother was a widow, and he was her only son. He was now going down on some business among the vine-growing districts, in the vicinity of Seneca Lake.

In the course of their talk, the young man alluded to the toll-keeper as Lenox's father, and this necessarily brought out her explanation of their very remote connection. "Mrs. Crane was my grand-uncle, Colonel Marvell's, widow. I have not a single relative in the world." She said this after she had dismounted at the toll-gate, and was stroking Dainty's nose.

"Not one in the world—such a young girl as you are!" said the young man, and there was a touch of pity in his voice, in his pleasant, frank eyes as they looked at her.

"It must be very delightful to have a mother," said Lenox, looking up in her odd, abrupt way, without answering his question. "I have often wondered what mine would have been like. Tell me something about yours, please, I should like to hear."

"It is not easy to talk about my mother," replied Ben Mavis, startled and puzzled at Lenox's strange speech. "I can only say that she is the dearest, kindest, softest-hearted little woman in all the world."

Lenox's eyes sparkled with pleased interest, then a shadow crept into them. "I suppose you love your mother very much?" she said, in an earnest, grave tone, a moment later.

"Why, yes," answered Ben Mavis, with a little embarrassed laugh, almost like a girl's. "Does that seem very strange to you?"

"Not that, precisely," answered Lenox, shaking her head with a kind of slow, sorrowful gravity. "I was only thinking how nice it must be to have somebody one could love in the world!"

"Why, haven't you anybody?" asked Ben Mavis, and he looked at the girl with a pitying curiosity in his honest young face.

She gazed up at him with her deep, quiet eyes.

The hand that was stroking Dainty's nose paused a moment. "No—not anybody!" she said. "But I know what it means," she went on in a moment, before the young man, surprised and shocked, could think of anything to say. "I loved my uncle—old Colonel Marvell—very dearly. I loved him so, though I was a very little girl, only five years old, that I would have died if that would have done any good—if it would have had him live!" Her lips quivered. There was at the same time a shadow and a brightness on her face, as there was in her voice; in her words even.

Young Mavis was deeply moved. "But these people with whom you live," he said, glancing at the toll-house. "I see you call them aunt and uncle. They must be something to you?"

"Yes, they are," answered Lenox, with the old, grave air that set so oddly on her childish face and figure. "I like Uncle Abijah, who is always kind, and would do anything for me; and I like Aunt Abigail—at times—very much; but that is not love," speaking very decidedly. "I know—I have felt the difference."

Young Mavis, though time was precious, found it difficult to tear himself away from the toll-gate that morning. When he returned home, which he was obliged to do by another route, he related to his mother his interview with the girl who lived on the Cherry Hollows Turnpike, and who had talked in such a strange fashion to his colt. She seemed really to fancy the animal would understand all her classic and historic allusions! But the wonder was where the creature herself had got hold of them.

Mrs. Mavis listened, amused and interested, but, as her son proceeded, her feelings became deeply enlisted. The lonely orphan girl "with no one in the wide world to love," touched the mother-heart of the woman. She made Ben go over several times with what Lenox had said. At last it flashed across her that she had heard her father, in her girlhood, speak of old Colonel Marvell, whom he had known when the two were young men. The fact, when it dawned on Mrs. Mavis, enabled her to supply some gaps in Lenox's history. After that, her heart often yearned over the motherless little girl at the toll-gate.

It happened that young Mavis had business a month later which took him again through Cherry Hollows. This time the colt was not with him; but he made up his mind that he would not pass the toll-gate without seeing Lenox Dare. He came upon her just as she was leaving the house. Her face brightened at seeing him, and the two—the frank-hearted youth and the simple-natured girl—met like warm friends.

Lenox asked the young man into the little, low-ceiled parlor, with its dark, old-fashioned furniture, and it was very odd how much the two found to say to each other. Fortunately, Mrs. Crane was out, and could not interfere with the talk or monopolize the conversation.

"Can you guess what my mother says about you?"

inquired Ben, as they sat there with the soft June wind blowing the fragrance of the red, thickly-blossomed rose-bushes in at the windows.

Lenox's great eyes opened wider at that question.

"I'm sure I could never guess!" she said. "What could your mother say? What does she know about me?"

"Oh, she knows more than you suspect," replied Ben, with his pleasant laugh. "I told her all about our meeting; and it appears my grandfather knew, long ago, your uncle, Colonel Marvell."

"He did?" interrupted Lenox, her face all alive with glad surprise.

"Yes. So you see we have a right to be friends on the strength of that old acquaintance. But when I told my mother about you, she said: 'Ben, I know what that girl needs. She just wants mothering.'"

There was a flash, a trembling all over the small face. To his dying day, Ben Mavis would not forget the girl's look.

"Did your mother say that?" she cried.

"Yes," he answered. "And what is more, she said she would like herself to do the mothering awhile, if she could get near enough to you."

"I should like to see your mother—I should like to see her," said Lenox, after a little pause.

"You can, very easily," replied Ben, "if you will only come to Briarswild and make us a visit. It is a very pleasant half day's ride over the hills."

"Oh, thank you! I never made a visit in my life, but I am sure it would be delightful to go where your mother was. I don't think Aunt Abigail would object, either, if it was proposed to her at the right time."

Ben Mavis, though he had never seen Mrs. Crane, had formed his own impressions regarding her. After Lenox's speech, he made up his mind with the swift positiveness of youth that she was a heartless old dragon!

He sat there a long time, and talked with his little, quaint, old-fashioned hostess, while the sunshine lighted up the dark furniture, and the red roses shook in the June wind around the window. It was quite a new experience for both of them. Young Mavis told Lenox about his home, about his mother, about Dainty. He described the gray cottage perched among the hills on the highest point in the county. From the front door, he told her, there was a wonderful view. You could take in at a single glance a sweep of full twenty miles. It was like one vast picture; the green meadow-lands, the great bend of the river, the dark forests, and the villages nestling white among the green foliage; and the round-topped hills in the distance looking down on the whole scene.

Lenox drank in his talk with radiant eyes.

"Oh, if I could only see it all!" she said.

"There's no reason why you shouldn't any day," replied Ben.

Lenox was not quite so confident. There was Aunt Abigail. It would be counting without their host not to bear her in mind. This time she did not express her doubts, but Ben read them in her face,

and at once concluded that the toll-keeper's vixenish wife was at the bottom of them. It would go hard with him, he thought, if he did not find some means to bring her to terms. He was a good fellow, but his prejudices were very stubborn things.

When the young man rose to go, he drew from his pocket a small parcel, loosely twisted in dainty white paper.

"My mother sent that to you," he said, simply, and he went away before she could open it.

Even Abijah Crane, discussing with some neighbors on the side porch the prospects of the next presidential campaign, knew nothing of the young man's visit.

When she undid her parcel, Lenox found inside half a dozen mellow, golden June-apples. They were the first that had ripened that year in the sunniest corner of the great Mavis orchard. In the market, they would at that date have brought almost their weight in gold.

After that, Lenox thought a great deal about Ben Mavis and the tender-eyed mother, and the home he had described perched away off, like a little gray nest on the distant hills. She wondered if she should ever see it, and look up into the kindly face of the woman who had said she needed "mothering."

Lenox did not repeat that speech to Mrs. Crane when she told her about young Mavis's visit and showed her the apples. When she learned about the ride on the unbroken colt, the woman had given Lenox a sharp scolding for being such a "tomboy;" but on discovering that the owner's grandfather had been an acquaintance of Colonel Marvell's, her tone was instantly mollified, and she very much regretted that she had not been at home to receive the young man.

The adventure in the glen, with the events that followed, had driven every other thought out of Lenox Dare's mind. It was therefore almost like a flash of revelation when Ben Mavis, or rather Ben Mavis's mother, came up to her in that last midnight she was ever to spend at Cherry Hollows. We have seen how, in a moment, it brought her to a life-and-death resolve. It upheld her through all the lonely, terrible walk of the next day—a walk that was only once broken by a kindly old farmer, who gave the girl a "lift" of three or four miles in his cart.

During the day she had spoken to only two or three people, of whom she had inquired the way. She kept to the open hill-road which young Mavis had described. The day had been very warm, but Lenox's excitement had kept her at a brisk walk through the morning. As noon drew on, and the heat deepened, her strength flagged. She had rested under some trees by the roadside, and fortified herself with the lunch she carried. But the afternoon had brought terrible work, and the ache and dragging in all her limbs made the last miles, the gathering clouds, the closing down of the night, seem like some horrible dream.

Benjamin Mavis was expecting to leave home the following day, and on his return to pass through

Cherry Hollows. His account of his last visit to the toll-gate had deepened the yearning at his mother's heart, and she had that very day written a note to Mrs. Crane asking that Lenox Dare might have permission to visit her. Ben was to deliver this to the toll-gate keeper's wife. The note showed very plainly that Mrs. Mavis was not lacking in womanly tact, but Mrs. Abijah Crane was never to read the words that would have immensely gratified her, and Mrs. Mavis, while she made her own nice little programme for the girl's visit, little imagined at what hour and in what plight Lenox Dare would first cross her threshold!

The woman's first care was to restore the poor little fugitive to consciousness. It was not an easy task, for the long excitement and strain she had undergone, with the sudden sense of relief had more to do with Lenox's fainting than even her terrible exhaustion. Mrs. Mavis was, however, equal to all emergencies of this sort. Tender nursing and proper remedies after awhile had their effect, so that Lenox opened her eyes to see the kind, anxious faces bending over her. But she was too thoroughly spent to feel much emotion, or even to take the nourishment they brought her. She only realized that she was warmly sheltered now from the wide, homeless out-doors in which, it seemed to her, she had been wandering for ages. The pitying faces, the tender service, the restful, sheltered calm were all very sweet to the worn girl. She wondered vaguely whether she was in the world, or had waked up in Heaven! She was not sure, and she was quite too tired to care.

Mrs. Mavis and her one house-maid got the tired limbs into a warm bath, and then clothed them in a soft night-robe, and Ben himself took the slight, drooping figure in his strong arms, and carried it upstairs into a wide, cool chamber opposite his mother's, and laid it on a snowy bed in one corner, with a little tasteful canopy and soft white draperies, beneath which a fairy might have laid her rosy limbs to sweet slumber.

For three years nobody had slept in that bed. It had seemed all this time to Mrs. Mavis that the place was sacred to one memory; but now, she found to her surprise, that her heart had no room for any feeling but tender gladness because the tired, homeless fugitive lay on the very pillows where another young face had so often nestled; only one had been rosy with health, and full of fresh, laughing dimples, while the other was worn, and pale, and sorrowful.

Lenox's slumbers were dreadfully broken that night. Body and mind had been too overtaxed to yield to the sound sleep which alone could restore them.

She was haunted by frightful dreams. Evil faces grinned in malicious triumph about her. She would spring from her sleep with moans and cries; and in her confusion and terror could not at first be made to realize where she was. After a little while she would come to herself re-assured by kind faces and soothing voices, and would nestle down again to sleep.

But that would last only a few minutes, and she would spring up again, and stare in terrified bewilderment around her. Mrs. Mavis or the girl remained with her during the night.

The next morning Lenox was no better. The warm south rain which Ben had predicted as he looked at the clouds had come, and would have delayed his setting out on his projected trip, had not his services been required at home.

At noon he went down into the town for the doctor. Lenox had grown worse. She was quite bewildered by this time, and it was impossible to convince the poor child for more than a minute or two that she was among friends, who would not let any harm come near her. She lived over all the previous day, over the horrors of the days which preceded it. It was heart-rending to hear the child's entreaties not to be taken back to Mrs. Crane. Then she would fancy herself in the factory, amid the whirring wheels, the clashing looms, and all those dreadful faces grinning in horrible triumph about her.

The doctor came; an old family friend to whom they could safely confide Lenox's story. He pronounced the girl on the verge of brain fever—nothing would save her from it but watchful care and skilled nursing. She was sure to have these where Mrs. Mavis was. It was almost dark when the opiates he administered at last took effect, and Lenox sank into a deep slumber.

That evening the mother and son had a long talk together. Lenox's fate rested now in their hands. Could her dead parents—could doting old Colonel Marvell—have spoken from their graves, they could have chosen no kindlier lot for their child. The girl who, in her utmost loneliness and despair, had sought these two—the girl who, in the night, had barely reached them, to fall worn and faint on their threshold, should find across it, from henceforth, shelter, and care, and love. Their doors should shut her in from the storms forever! They did not say it in these words; they said it in fewer and homelier ones. There had been a thought in the heart of both, especially the mother's, to which she now, for the first time, gave expression. "All day it has seemed like my poor little dead Janet over again! What if it had been her, Ben?—what if it had been her?"

She broke right down there into sobbing. Ben tried to answer her, and got up instead and walked to the window, where the soft rain was falling, and he did not see it. In a few moments the mother stopped crying. Mrs. Mavis had those blessed, helpful instincts which always, when there was anything to be done, gained the ascendancy over her own griefs. It was like the little woman, too, with her native honesty, and her practical good sense, to insist that the people at the toll-gate should be at once informed about the lost girl. Here Ben, at first, demurred. His indignation at Mrs. Crane blinded his clear instincts a little at this juncture. He could not see the wisdom of the course his mother proposed. "It was not their business," he averred, "to go round the country telling people where Lenox Dare could be

found. If they wanted to know, they could come and learn for themselves. As for that old she-dragon at the toll-gate, she had not only driven Lenox from her doors, but come within an inch of causing the poor girl's death! If she could have a good scare—before made to feel that she was no better than a murderer—so much the better!"

Mrs. Mavis did not reprove this rather savage talk. She was herself greatly outraged with Mrs. Crane; she would gladly have given the woman such a piece of her mind as no mortal had ever heard from those kindly lips; but she saw that the indulgence of her feelings might, in the end, only do Lenox harm. Her absence must already have created no little stir at Cherry Hollows. If her fate remained any longer in the dark, the whole country-side would be roused; a wide search for the missing girl would be set on foot; rewards would be offered; the whole affair would get into the papers, and Lenox's name and history would all be exposed to an unpleasant publicity. Mrs. Mavis set all this in its strongest light before her son. The fiery youth was compelled at last, much against his will, to admit the force of her arguments. The result of the conference was, that Ben agreed, in case Lenox had a comfortable night, to start next morning for Cherry Hollows.

(To be continued.)

DR. DODDRIDGE'S DREAM.

DR. DODDRIDGE had been spending the evening with his friend Dr. Watts. Their conversation had been concerning the future existence of the soul. Long and earnestly they pursued the theme; and both came to the conclusion—rather a remarkable one for theologians of that day to arrive at—that it could not be they were to sing through all eternity; that each soul must necessarily be an individual, and have its appropriate employment for thought and affection.

As Doddridge walked home, his mind brooded over these ideas, and took little cognizance of outward matters. In this state he laid his head upon the pillow and fell asleep. He dreamed that he was dying; he saw his weeping friends round his bedside, and wanted to speak to them, but could not. Presently there came a nightmare sensation. His soul was about to leave the body; but how would it get out? More and more anxiously rose the query, how could it get out? This uneasy state passed away, and he found that the soul had left his body. He himself stood beside the bed, looking at his own corpse, as if it were an old garment laid aside as useless. His friends wept round the mortal covering, but could not see him. While he was thus reflecting upon this, he passed out of the room, he knew not how; but presently he found himself floating over London, as if pillowed on a cloud borne by gentle breezes. Far below him the busy multitude were hurrying hither and thither, like rats and mice scamp'ring for crumbs. "Ah," thought the emancipated spirit, "how worse

than foolish appears this feverish scramble! For what do they toil? and what do they obtain?"

London passed away beneath him, and he found himself floating over green fields and blooming gardens. "How is it that I am borne through the air?" thought he. He looked, and saw a large purple wing; and then he knew that he was carried by an angel.

"Whither are we going?" said he.

"To Heaven," was the reply.

He asked no more questions, but remained in delicious quietude, as if they floated on a strain of music. At length they paused before a white marble temple of exquisite beauty. The angel lowered his flight, and gently placed him on the steps.

"I thought you were taking me to Heaven," said the spirit.

"This is Heaven," replied the angel.

"This! Assuredly this temple is of rare beauty; but I could imagine just such built on earth."

"Nevertheless it is Heaven," replied the angel.

They entered a room just within the temple. A table stood in the centre, on which was a golden vase, filled with sparkling wine.

"Drink of this," said the angel, offering the vase; "for all who would know spiritual things must first drink of spiritual wine."

Scarcely had the ruby liquid wet his lips, when the Saviour of men stood before him, smiling most benignly. The spirit instantly dropped on his knees, and bowed down his head before Him. The holy hands of the Purest were folded over him in blessing; and His voice said: "You will see me seldom now; hereafter you will see me more frequently. In the meantime, observe well the wonders of this temple!"

The sounds ceased; the spirit remained awhile in stillness; when he raised his head, the Saviour no longer appeared. He turned to ask the angel what this could mean, but the angel had departed also; the soul stood alone in its unveiled presence.

"Why did the Holy One tell me to observe well the wonders of this temple?" thought he.

He looked slowly round. A sudden start of joy and wonder! There, painted on the walls in most marvelous beauty, stood recorded the whole of his spiritual life! Every doubt and every clear perception, every conflict and every victory, were there before him; and though forgotten for years, he knew them at a glance. Even thus had a sunbeam pierced the darkest cloud, and thrown a rainbow bridge from the finite to the infinite; thus had he slept peacefully in green valleys, by the side of running brooks; and such had been his visions from the mountain-tops. He knew them all. They had been always painted within the chambers of his soul; now for the first time was the veil removed.

To those who think on spiritual things, this remarkable dream is too deeply and beautifully significant ever to be forgotten.

"We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,

And fill our future's atmosphere

With sunshine or with shade.

Still shall the soul around it call

The shadows which it gathered here,

And painted on th' eternal wall

The past shall reappear."

I do not mean the paintings, and statues, and houses, which a man has made on earth, will form his environment in the world of souls; this would monopolize Heaven for the wealthy and the cultivated. I mean that the spiritual combats and victories of our pilgrimage write themselves there above, in infinite variations of form, color and tone; and thus shall every word and thought be brought unto judgment. Of these things inscribed in Heaven, who can tell what may be the action upon souls newly born into time? Perhaps all lovely forms of art are mere ultimates of spiritual victories in individual souls. It may be that all genius derives its life from some holiness, which preceded it, in the attainment of another spirit. Who shall venture to assert that Beethoven could have produced his strangely powerful music, had not souls gone before him on earth, who with infinite struggling against temptation aspired toward the highest, and in some degree realized their aspiration? The music thus brought from the eternal world kindles still higher spiritual aspirations in mortals, to be realized in this life, and again written above, to inspire anew some gifted spirit, who stands a ready recipient in the far-off time. Upon this ladder how beautifully the angels are seen ascending and descending!—*Mrs. Child.*

GOD WITH US.

O SUBTLEST gift of flower and fern,
The grace ye give us to discern
Your inner meanings rare, intense,
Girt round by love's circumference.

The radiance of that band around
Doth glorify the thought that's bound;
And, ranging down from sky to sod,
The centre of all growth is *God*.

E'en His indwelling goodness shows
Not less in thistle than in rose;
To child or worm, to bird or brake,
He giveth all that it can take.

And in His grand, benignant plan,
His purest shrine's the heart of man;
Close not the gate by self or sin,
Give place, and let the Father in!

ELLELLE.

It is easy for some men to be good, and it is hard for others, both from the forces that are acting within them and from the influences that are operating from without upon them. It makes all the difference in the world where a man was born, and what are his nature and surroundings.

FADING FOOT-PRINTS; OR, THE LOWLY LIVES OF LONG AGO.

No. 2.

"LET us coax papa to go, too; that would be so funny. You know when he gets out into the woods he is almost a boy again; he fairly cuts up capers, and the good stories that he spins are just delightful—wonderful!"

This was what we said one October afternoon when the boys were putting baskets into the big wagon, and we were all going up to the creek bottom to gather butter-nuts.

Going nutting in the glorious October days is rare enjoyment, even though one finds no nuts at all, and tears her clothes on roots and snags, and catches every burr that is waiting on ripened stalk.

Father twisted his head from very lack of excuse, and looked intently at the cider-mill, and then at the willow swaying in the spicy breezes, and he buttoned his blouse and unbuttoned it, and finally, with a low, ashamed laugh, he said, tardy of speech: "W-e-l-l, I do-n't care."

And he went. If he hadn't gone, we, his children—all men and women grown—would have rode off silently, and with twinges of disappointment, for it is so cheerful and pleasant to have that old man, papa, accompany us. Every tree, and stump, and knoll talks to him; they tell him stories about the olden time; they seem to preface their reminiscences with, "Say, Alex, do you mind that time?" or, "Oh, do you recollect, Alex, the day that"—and then follows a running fire of gossip, chatty stories, which freshen up his memory and make him laugh as heartily as he did at first—that long, long ago time. That was why we wanted him with us.

I sat on the same seat with him, on the same folded quilt, and we hustled the clean-smelling oat-straw all up under our feet and about our ankles, and we nestled and made ourselves truly comfortable before the boys chirruped to the horses or drew on the lines.

Now it is not at all likely that this old foot-print "on the sands of time" will run into a story, so don't begin to think of Indians, and murder, and massacre, and kidnaped white children; just jump into the back part of the wagon and go with us. These October airs are good to quicken the pulses, and bring the roses to the cheeks, and the ring to the voice, and a lustre to the eyes, and to rid one of fears and forebodings, and the unkindly thoughts that may have crept in unbidden, and made you cherish something against a friend or a neighbor. Wonderful purifiers are these autumn days spent in freedom out under the delicious blue skies.

Before we turned into the other road, the wagon-wheels on one side struck down with a jolt that made us cling like chimney-swallows.

"Well, I do declare," said father, "I suppose there will be a chuck-hole there as long as the world stands. Now, my father, more than fifty-eight years ago, hauled stone and filled up that place, and for awhile

it was tolerable good; but after little the ground became spongy and shaky, and as long as he lived he kept hauling and filling in occasionally. Then after he died we fixed it up with saplings, but it 'pears like it couldn't be made into solid ground."

We turned and looked back, and then we sighed dreamily as we thought of the heaps of stones down in that spot far out of sight, and of the poor hands that had placed them there—hands mouldered back to dust, almost forgotten, almost unknown by name in the place that shall know him no more forever. And we said we wondered why there were such spongy, strange, shaky spots. And then as we rode along, one to whom science had opened wide her doors, told us that long ago this strip of delightful valley through which we were riding had been covered with water, and that these wooded ranges of hills on either side had been the bluff banks overlooking the broad and beautiful stream. And our eyes sparkled, and we held our fingers closely interlocked while we listened with bated breath; and then we said: "Oh, that we could have lived and looked abroad in that far-away time, when these grand old hill-tops stood like sturdy sentinels, seeing the beauty and the grandeur of the primeval scene, hearing the swash of the waters and the bold dashing of the waves that swept against their firmly-planted feet, while thin, rugged brows were familiar with the summers of sunshine, the winters of wailing winds and storms, the soft sighing of the spring-time southern breezes, and the gorgeous colors of the autumn-tinted leaves."

Twice in the memory of the red men who dwelt here one hundred years ago, had these same old sturdy woodland hills been rocked, and thin oaks riven and whirled by wrathful tornadoes; so long ago that even then the swaths of trees mown down were merely lines of mellow soil, and covered by the rich plush of softest mosses. The faint outline of tradition recorded these scenes as terrible beyond description, and the old warriors shuddered when they referred to them, for the anger of the Great Spirit spoke in the loud voice of the hurricane and in the destruction that swept over their vast hunting-grounds.

As we wound round the base of a hill, and looked upon the fertile meadow-lands that lay outspread so beautiful that the view was soothing and gratifying, we said: "How charmingly that low old elm sweeps and waves even down to the soft grass!"

Ah me! the long, lithe branches suggested nothing to us but grace and beauty; but to father they told a tale. He said "everything talked to him." And this was the tale it told. That elm grew out of an old well. In the long, long ago, when poverty and direst privation laid hold of whole families of pioneers, a man and his wife and six poor little ones lived on the knoll that rose up at the edge of the meadow, in a log-cabin ten by twelve. They were exceedingly poor, and almost entirely dependent on the husband and father. He had no trade, no team, no tools, and not half so much vim and enterprise as

the average poor man of this present day. One of their children was an idiot—a babbling, chattering, swaying, sprawling idiot—a heavy charge on them, on their time, and means, and patience. The mother could not go abroad to pull flax, or hackle or scutch it; could not go out to gather medicinal roots or herbs to sell to the doctor; and could not leave the house to carry sugar-water nor to gather service-berries. She often wished that she had more freedom, or that Jakey, the boy, did not miss her in absence, and howl after her. His howl was a doleful half-whoop, like an Indian's, and half-cry like that of an enraged wild-cat. And once as she sat alone at nightfall smoking her cob-pipe—after the consoling fashion of the nowise over-fastidious poor woman of those primeval days—she looked up at the starry sky, and thought of the home of the dead who are blest, and she wished the Lord had only seen fit to take poor Jakey in his earliest infancy, before the tender chords of her mother-love had knit themselves about him so closely.

Dangerous wish. Only the next evening it was, that when she went to the well for water, Jakey followed her, and stood and watched the play of the creaking sweep, and he jabbered noisily, and wound his arms in an over-and-over motion, and he jerked his head in gesticulation, and the one fluttering rag of a garment that fell in slits about his knees was the merest apology of a covering. When the mother started back to the house, she ordered Jakey away, and he sauntered zigzagging across the path, tramping on the bending ferns, and all the while his bony arms were going like the arms of a wind-mill, and his head jerking excitedly. While the mother was warming the hominy for supper, the boy Jakey wandered out and down to the well, and he fell in or walked in, and that was all.

Not in his infancy had he been removed from earth, but then; and the poor mother recalled the thought of the evening previous, and her heart was doubly agonized. And while the ill-shapen body lay in the clearing beside the well, until the arrival of the nearest neighbors, pressing dank and heavily the ferns and the rank leaves, the face of the poor child was upturned in the half-moonlight, and his eyes stared wide open with that fearful blank stare that dwells only in dead eyes from which the light is shut out forever. The weeping mother read reproach in them; they seemed to chide her and to blame. And when the moon went under a cloud, and the thick darkness veiled that lonely scene as with a tender solicitude, a wish to shut away from the mother's sight the harrowing vision, then she gathered the dripping corpse close to her warm bosom, and kissed it lovingly, and murmured words of fondest endearment. And the neighbors came with scared faces, and they shuddered visibly as the bravest man among them laid the ungainly form on a wide strip of oak bark and bore it to the cabin on the knoll.

It was years before the mother recovered from the shock. They never heard the old well-sweep creak

any more, and the waters that used to mirror her thin face and the yellow hair that fluffed on her forehead and neck, never saw her face again, for they stood undisturbed, and finally the green scum spread over, and frogs leaped in, and darting lizards ran in and out of the loose stone-wall. And the little striped snakes sunned themselves on the topmost stones that were first to catch the sunshine in the later spring-time, and the wild ferns and meadow-grass grew in clumps and tufts, and when the lonely old well was shunned altogether by the country folk then some superstitious boys filled it up with stones, and ends of logs and brush, and when the tenants, moving on and off the farm, had quite used up the old cabin, then it changed hands, and a wealthy speculator became the owner. By this time a little elm sprout had taken root in the soft soil atop of the old well, and it escaped the browsing teeth of domestic animals and became a tree, large enough for the birds to find shelter in its branches, and the cattle a shade underneath in which to seek coolness in the midsummer heat.

And this was the story that the elm-tree told the aged man sitting beside me, and he repeated it as though reading aloud snatches, here and there, from the dim pages of an old book; reading in the uncertain light that cometh after the setting of the sun.

As the wagon descended a steep hill we came down into such a pretty place, scooped out and round as a great bowl, with a rim of soft emerald grasses about it. We were delighted. It was nothing new. We had many and many a time paused on the circular rim of that basin, and wondered how it looked long ago when nature wore her primeval robes, and the forest was dim with that glorious twilight made by dense trees, and interlocking branches, and rustling leaves crowding together and whispering all the summers long, that one sweet breezy language understood only by the spirits of the wild wood.

But father broke upon our wondering delight with a hearty laugh. And then he explained why: There was the stump, the crumbling remains of one, behind which Joe, and Ike, and Mose hid the night they frightened their grandfather. The old fellow was afraid of ghosts; he knew that ghosts walked o' nights in out-of-the-way places, especially when they wanted to tell something that was on their minds when they left this world. If guilt, they wanted to confess; if a secret, they wished to divulge; if cognizant of buried treasure, they longed to make its hiding-place known, and if they had knowledge which would benefit their dear ones left behind they desired to impart it. Yes, he was sure that ghosts walked the earth, for his mother had come face to face with them on several occasions, and in much fear and trembling had watched them fade away into thin air—dissolve, vanish—just like ghosts always did.

These boys played a trick on their grandsire. They knew of a soft, rotten log in the bottom which yielded a phosphorescent glow in the damp, dark evening, and they obtained some of this, stuffed an

old black shawl up into a ball about the size of Henry Clay's head, and made horrid eyes, eyebrows, nose, and a yawning, cavernous mouth with big, glaring, grinning teeth; and this ugly thing was arranged with a form draped in a white linen sheet, to imitate as nearly as possible the style of ghosts such as grand'ther told about. He was stumbling along home from the nearest still-house, late at night, a jug in each hand, when, just as he clambered over the rude brush fence, the ghost was seen, beside the path where it curved round the stump. He stopped with an ugh! like an Indian would articulate, and then, as the ghost with outstretching arms came toward him with a wavering, unsteady motion, he dropped both jugs and ran with all his might. He never looked behind, not even over his shoulder, and he rushed into the cabin without pulling on the leather thong that raised the smooth hickory latch. He just pushed himself against it with all his strength. Why not? hickory was plenty, it grew all through the woods; what was a paltry door-latch compared to the value of a man's life?

We all laughed over the reminiscence, probably not so boisterously nor so long, nor with the utter abandon that the boys, Joe, and Ike, and Mose did.

And there, where the creek swept around with an eddy swirl of bubbling waters, bent over the old tree, in whose hollow trunk the constable and his posse hid the night they were watching for the outlaws, hiding in the swamp. And father told who they were, and what they said and did; and of all the number, not one lives yet, but himself; they had been the men of those times; but all save him, had passed away, and their names were well-nigh forgotten in this township.

And there, where the steep bank juts over like a shelf, he had once shot a deer; and there, where the strip of prairie-land ran down to the stream, once stood a distillery, and the purest spring-water fed it, and the result was whisky by the barrel full, free for all who paid the price of sixty cents a gallon. And over there, where lies that singular gray rock, with the monarch oaks surrounding it, was the old-time school-house, and the lads and lassies walked miles to school, and then back to evening spelling-schools. As he ran over the names of the boys and girls, many of them were strange to us, and the rest were the grandparents of those we knew, who bear those names now. And we thought, as we meditated, and in a dreamy mood looked up at the rare October sky, and away to the grandly-spread hills and valleys, of the time passing swiftly, and bearing us away, and of others filling our places, and our names forgotten.

How like pages torn out, here and there, were the reminiscent thoughts that came to this old man's memory, as he rode along that day. "Everything talked" to him, voices came up from objects that, to the rest of us, were merely beheld with a passing glance. And when we hitched our horses under the spreading limbs of a beautiful maple, and wandered off to gather the nuts that lay among the brown leaves, we found onrself sitting thoughtful and sad,

and alone, listening to the murmur of the waves, and watching the beautiful reflection of the trees and clouds, mirrored where the limpid waters were stirred not by even a ripple.

How sad to us it seemed of a long and well-spent life returning back and living over the scenes of years so long gone by; of having them come again as fresh and vigorous as ever, and bringing with them the laugh of long ago; and the tears, too, of that by-gone time, robbed of their bitterness. How wise, and how kind of the Father, to lead the aged down so gently by the same paths that they trod in the morning of life, stripped, too, of the thorns that beset them, while the flowers bloomed with a newness and a freshness as sweet and as fragrant as ever.

ROSELLA RICE.

HEATHER BELLS.

HEATHER bells, heather bells, cease from your tolling!

Why do you cry to me all through the years!
Why keep sad memories over me rolling,

Why keep my eyes weighted down with their tears?

Far from the bonnie Scotch hills ye are fading,

Far from the heather slopes over the sea,

Where, long ago, you were plucked as the lading

That freighted the letter my lover sent me.

Poor faded heather bells, murmur no longer,

Ring out glad music for him and for me;

Love after death is but sweeter and stronger;

Tell him I come to him, over the sea!

FAUSTINE.

TO MYSTERY.

OF greater torment than a certain pain;
Of feverish weariness the tireless source;
Fruitful of fears and thoughts that run their course

With longings, like their predecessors, vain.

O thou, of the aspiring heart, the bane,

Thou strange, weird creature of the mystic force,

Tempted to deeds resultant in remorse,

To break thy sceptre, human kind were fain!

And yet, at times, O mystery, thou art sweet,

At times the veil upon the spirit's eyes

Enrages not, but soothing, seemeth meet,

Making a full atonement for disguise;

Then we, perceptive grown, learn at thy feet,

The patient waiter only is the wise.

"Kiz."

"Who made you?" was asked of a small girl. She replied, "God made me that length," indicating with her two hands the ordinary size of a new-born infant; "and I growed the rest myself." This was before Topsy's time.

THE MUSHROOM GATHERERS.

RUSSIA abounds in mushrooms, and in that country they are much esteemed as a delicacy, while in many districts, indeed, they form one of the principal articles of food among a large proportion of the peasantry. Late in the warm season, as summer advances into autumn, and after the heavy rains have swollen the sod, immense numbers of these

used to kill flies. It is prepared for this purpose by being stewed in molasses. When growing, it is very showy, being tall, with an umbrella-like top of a bright crimson, mottled with white.

As we have learned this little fact regarding the every-day life of children in other lands, so may we often catch a glimpse of homes and ways not our own. And brief though these glances are, we may seldom fail to learn something from them. Although



fungi spring up, with that rapidity of growth for which they have become proverbial. Then may be seen many such groups as that represented in our illustration. All the children of a village turn out with baskets, and seldom return home without having them well-filled.

Among these Russian esculents are the *Champignon*; the *Bielo-grip*, or white mushroom; the *Berisovoy*, or birch mushroom; the *Krasnoi-grip*, or red mushroom; and the *Maslinik*, or butter mushroom. These are prepared in different ways, the better being cooked fresh, the ordinary dried on strings, and the inferior salted down in casks. The youngest child among the gatherers knows very well the difference between the wholesome and the poisonous. We never hear of a Russian dying from eating toadstools.

These last are abundant also. One of the most notable is the *Mooka-mor*, or fly-death, because it is

their lot is not so favored as ours, they make the best of it, and add their share to the general good with diligence and skill.

It is well for the women of the household to remember that pleasant evenings at home are strong antidotes to the practice of looking for enjoyment abroad, and seeking for pleasure in and by forbidden places.

LEISURE is time for doing something useful. This leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, as has been well said, a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two different things.

ONE of the lessons which young people have to learn by experience is the power, as well as the enduring quality, of deeds and words, and that they cannot talk idly as the wind whistles, or do carelessly as the reeds float, with no effect produced and no impress made.

THE COMPANY WE KEEP.

"WHAT do you think of Mrs. Bolingbrooke?" I asked of a friend, as the lady to whom I referred passed near us in crossing the room to join some friends on the other side.

"She has certain good qualities," was the reply;

"but I don't like the company she keeps."

"Not of a questionable character, I hope."

"Bad company, in my estimation."

"I never heard the slightest intimation of such a thing before."

"The worst of it is, she will insist upon introducing her associates to her friends whenever she has an opportunity; and she is sure to bring some of them with her into every home or social circle to which she finds admission."

"You surprise me greatly," I said. "What does it mean? Are any of her associates here this evening?"

"Yes. Quite a number; and she will introduce some of them if you give her the chance."

Here our conversation was interrupted, and we separated. It was an hour later in the evening when I found myself alone once more with the friend who had spoken so freely about one of the ladies present. In the meantime, I had kept a close observation on Mrs. Bolingbrooke, and had even chatted with her for several minutes. Two or three ladies whom I did not know, and as many gentlemen, nodded or spoke to her in a familiar way while we were talking, but she did not introduce them. I saw nothing to confirm what my friend had said, and found myself rather puzzled.

"Are you not mistaken about Mrs. Bolingbrooke?" I said.

"As to the company she keeps?"

"Yes."

"I think not. I saw you talking to her awhile ago. She introduced some of her friends, I presume."

"No."

"Ah! That's unusual. She introduced one of them to me awhile ago; but I got away from them both as soon as politeness would admit."

"Indeed!" My surprise was increasing.

"It disturbed me considerably," added my friend, who was a lady much beloved and esteemed by those who knew her intimately for her gentle manners and sweetness of temper. You always felt better after meeting her. Something of the influence she wrought upon you lingered, like the odors of a fragrant flower in your garments. Just what she had said, you did not always remember; but you had a sense of rest and refreshment, and a feeling of good-will toward others. It was a new thing to hear her speak in disparagement of any one.

"Can you point me out the person to whom Mrs. Bolingbrooke introduced you?" I said.

Instead of replying to my question, she asked: "What was Mrs. Bolingbrooke saying to you? I saw her speaking with some earnestness, and noticed that

she directed your attention to the other side of the room."

"Nothing very agreeable," I replied, as I felt a return of the unpleasant impression which a brief interview with the lady had left upon my mind.

"She called my attention to the splendid diamonds of Mrs. Crowningshield; and then remarked in a low, half-confidential tone, in which I could detect an evil pleasure in making the communication: 'She wears them like a queen; and yet they're only borrowed. I happen to know all about it. I wouldn't have believed it of Mrs. Crowningshield. But vanity leads some people into doing almost anything; and vanity is Mrs. Crowningshield's besetting sin. She thinks her figure magnificent, and has a weakness for diamonds. But, after all, it's only a weakness,' she added, half-apologetically, 'and there are worse vices than vanity and a love of jewels and dress. Now, there's Mrs. Abercombie—the lady talking with that handsome fellow near the bay-window—she's another style of woman altogether. No doubt she has a weakness for diamonds, like the rest of us. All women have, you know; but diamonds is not her easily besetting sin. Love of admiration is the especial weakness of my lady; and this has already betrayed her, I am sorry to say, into a too intimate acquaintance with certain gentlemen in fashionable society whose reputations are not as fair as they might be. The man she's talking to in such a pleased, familiar way at this very time is, though belonging to one of our best families, about as bad as bad can be. I wouldn't risk my good name by being seen on the street with him, or in any public place. And yet, only last week, I saw him sitting by the side of Mrs. Abercombie at the opera! There'll be trouble between her and her husband before long. I saw him looking at them a little while ago with a scowl on his face.'"

"I happen to know Mrs. Abercombie a great deal better than all that," answered my friend. "She's bright and intellectual, with a fine social and sympathetic nature; a true woman, and a pure and loyal wife, honored and beloved of her husband. The scowl which Mrs. Bolingbrooke fancied that she saw upon his face a little while ago was only a shadow thrown upon it by the dark spirits of Envy and Detraction, with whom she is far too familiar, and was visible to her eyes alone."

Mrs. Bolingbrooke joined us at this moment and interrupted our conversation.

"Have you heard about the Folkstones?" she asked, speaking to the lady at my side. There was a lively play of interest in her features, and something enjoyable in her face. Before any reply could be made, she went on, as if eager to tell her news. "It will be a dreadful pull down; and particularly so for them; because, as you know, they held their heads very high and put on airs."

"What has happened?" asked my friend, a look of trouble already in her face.

"There's been a dreadful defalcation in the bank of which Mr. Folkstone is president; and he's said

to be largely involved, and likely to end his days in the State's prison.

"Beg pardon, madam," said a gentleman who had overheard Mrs. Bolingbrooke's remark; "but you have been entirely misinformed. Not the slightest evidence has been found of any complicity on the part of Mr. Folkstone; and the worst that can be charged against him is a lack of due vigilance in the oversight of affairs. His honor stands as untarnished, madam, as that of your own husband."

"Glad to know it," replied Mrs. Bolingbrooke, in a tone that gave a contradiction to her words. "But I heard a very different story; and it came very straight."

"So you may have thought, madam," replied the gentleman, a little curtly; "but it certainly got very much twisted by the way. Mr. Folkstone is as innocent of any defalcation or breach of trust as you or I."

"No one could be more pleased than myself to be assured that his fair reputation stands untarnished," said the lady, giving a cold and formal bow to the gentleman who had taken her up so promptly.

She turned from us as she spoke, and mingled with the crowd that filled the drawing-room. I did not like the expression of her face.

"I'm not so sure of that," remarked the gentleman in an undertone, as he followed her with his eyes.

"What do you think now of the company Mrs. Bolingbrooke keeps?" my friend asked. "Is it good or bad company?"

Her meaning dawned upon me.

"The company she gathers about her in the secret chambers of her life—with whom she delights to dwell, and without whose attendance she rarely goes abroad? Envy, Detraction, Ill-will, Jealousy; these are her cherished friends, and you can have no association with her and be free from their intrusion. She brings them into every social circle to which she finds admission; she introduces some one or more of them if you happen to encounter her on the street. Meet her where you will, and you are annoyed by their unwelcome presence. I never come in contact with Mrs. Bolingbrooke that I am not hurt or disturbed by her evil associates."

Referring to Mrs. Bolingbrooke and the conversation just given, my friend said at our next meeting: "Our invisible companions have far more influence over us than the men and women with whom we associate in the outer and visible world. They come closer to us, and into more intimate relations. They mould our characters, and help to determine the quality of our actions. We entertain them in secret, conferring with and taking sweet counsel with them. We suffer them to lead us, too often, whither they will. In the choice of these companions, far more is involved than in the choice of our visible friends; for their influence is stronger and more subtle. If we take Good-will, Contentment, Neighborly Kindness, Patience and Charity for the friends of our soul, happy are we. They will lead us into pleasant ways, and pour some drops of sweetness into every bitter

cup that may be raised to our lips. But if we consort with Envy, Ill-will, Malice or mean Detraction, we shall not only have unrest and disconcert ourselves, but carry with us an evil and disturbing spirit wherever we go."

RICHMOND.

LOST CAMEL.

A DERVISH was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him.

"You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants.

"Indeed we have," they replied.

"Was he not blind in his right eye and lame in his left leg?" said the dervish.

"He was," replied the merchants.

"Had he lost a front tooth?" said the dervish.

"He had," rejoined the merchants.

"And was he not loaded with honey on one side and wheat on the other?"

"Most certainly he was," they replied; "and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can in all probability conduct us unto him."

"My friends," said the dervish, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you."

"A pretty story, truly!" said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed part of his cargo?"

"I have neither seen your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervish.

On this they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the cadi, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced to convict him either of falsehood or of theft.

They were then about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervish with great calmness thus addressed the court: "I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long, and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route; I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand; I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because wherever it had grazed a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other."—*Penny Magazine.*

THE CURSE of Heaven rests on laziness and gluttony. By the very constitution of our being they are fitted to beget that torpor and despondency which chill the blood, deaden the nerves, enfeeble the muscles and derange the whole vital machinery.

Religious Reading.

THE MINISTRY OF SORROW.

AFFLICTION is to the natural mind what grinding is to many material substances, by which they are reduced to a state in which they will yield to other forces, and can be moulded into higher and more useful forms. Some men will not yield to spiritual forces until they are ground to powder. Severe and terrible afflictions tend to produce the same effects upon the natural mind that fire produces upon refractory metals. Intense heat softens, and even melts them. It burns out their dross; it subdues the most refractory substances, and makes them yield readily to the forces which act upon them. So affliction melts the flinty hardness and the iron purpose of the worldly and selfish mind; purges it of its dross, and brings it into obedience to the spiritual nature within. When it is subdued, spiritual laws can take effect upon it. They can give direction to the natural thoughts and affections; they can bring the whole natural mind into the order of their own life, and impress their own beauty upon all its forms and imbue them with their own nature. In this way our severest afflictions may, and often do become, great blessings. Like storms, they purify and refresh the atmosphere, and soften the baked and thirsty earth, and make them more serviceable for human use.

They help us in another way. When their true nature and inevitable consequences are seen, they tend to fill the soul with horror at their causes. Sin is stripped of its illusions, and we begin to see its deformities and malignities, and to abhor it, and shun it as the enemy of all good, and the fruitful and only source of all our suffering and sorrow. We see the grievous injustice we have done the Lord in attributing our sorrows to Him, while He was in the constant effort to prevent them, and we confess with shame and humiliation, that the cause lies in ourselves. This brings us into a state in which the Lord can forgive us. He can bring His Divine power of cleansing and healing to bear upon us, and by that means He can restore us to spiritual health. We begin to have a true fear of the Lord, a fear born of love. It is not a fear that He will injure us, but that we shall injure Him; the fear of doing anything against the will of infinite love and wisdom.

These are most comforting and helpful truths, truths which have been much obscured, if not wholly denied, by those who have formed their opinions from appearances. The heaviest burdens of affliction, and the keenest stings of sorrow, are the thoughts that our sufferings, either physical or spiritual, are brought upon us by an angry God, as a punishment for our sins. If the Lord casts us off, vain is the help of man. If we cannot take refuge under the wings of the Almighty, there is no place in the universe where we can find shelter from the storms of life. There is no help and no hope but in changing His disposition toward us. When all the powers of the soul are paralyzed by these groundless fears, we can only bow our heads, and implore the Divine mercy.

But when we know that the Lord never brings the slightest pain, or the faintest shadow of sorrow upon us; that, on the contrary, He is in the constant effort to prevent them before they come, to shield us from them when they do come, and to turn them to our

advantage as far as possible, by awakening in our minds an abhorrence of the sins which cause them, the whole aspect of sorrow is changed. We can bear it with more fortitude because we see its true origin, and know that it is not wholly useless. We have, also, the comforting knowledge that the deepest sympathies of infinite love are moved in our behalf, and that the hand of Almighty power is outstretched to hold us up. We see and feel that "the Lord is a very present help in time of trouble;" He is "on our side;" He takes part with us against our enemies, and He will turn their direst machinations to promote our eternal good.

These comforting truths, however, do not appear in clear light while the dark shadows of sorrow are brooding over us. "The peaceful fruits of righteousness" which "our light afflictions, that are but a moment," will afterward work out for us, are not seen, and when severely tried, we often come into states of despair. It is difficult for the natural mind to conceive that there can be any better or higher good than that which it is seeking. We put more confidence in ourselves than in the Lord. We are slow to believe that He delights to give us the richest blessings we will take from Him, and that the richer they are the better He is pleased. So we cling to the chaff, and the shadow which we have mistaken for the substantial and real, or we keep our eyes fixed upon the point where they vanished from our sight; or, our eyes are so blinded with the tears we shed for the lost apparent good, that we cannot see the richer treasures the Lord offers in their place. Men will mourn over lost possessions and blasted hopes, as though the Divine bounty was exhausted, and there was no more ground for hope. Parents will cling to the empty chair and the broken link in the family circle. They follow their children to the grave, and find it difficult to look beyond it to the bright realms above where, freed from the weight of clay and the shadows of earth, they stand clothed in pure garments, and with shining faces are trying to win our recognition, and show us that they are not dead, or lost to us.

But the Lord respects our grief, His heart is full of tenderness and compassion for us. He stands by us all the time. He waits for us with infinite patience. He goes with us step by step. He will heal our wounded hearts when we will open them to the balm of His consolations. He offers us the better good of which the natural was only the shadow, and He tries to win us to see it. And if we hear His voice, and open our eyes, we shall see that He uses our afflictions to restrain us from going further astray from Heaven and home, to assist us in forming a juster estimate of natural things, to weaken the force of our natural desires, to excite an abhorrence of falsity and sin, and in these ways to make room in our thoughts and affections, for substantial and eternal blessings. We shall find that He restores more than was taken, and we shall be ready to say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn Thy statutes;" learn to know them, to love them, and to do them. And when our natural thoughts and affections assert their power, as they certainly will, and try to convince us that our affliction is an irreparable loss, we shall be able to answer, "Before I was afflicted, I went astray; but now have I kept Thy Word." Before I was afflicted, my mind was too

much dazzled, and my heart too much absorbed, with natural delights; but now, chastened, humbled, sorrowing it may be, I turn to the light of Divine truth, which shines steadier than the sun, and with patient, perhaps weary steps, I am trying to follow Him who

is the way, the truth, and the life. May this be the blessed result of our afflictions. It will be, if we make the use of them the Lord intends them to serve when He permits them to fall upon us.

CHAUNCEY GILES.

Mothers' Department.

OUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

No. 2.

SEVERAL mothers have written and thanked me for one of the "basket" articles of last summer; that one in reply to the woman's letter, who said: "What shall we do with the children;" or, "how shall we manage them." And one woman writes and intimates that we did not say all. No, we didn't, and we thought of that yesterday when sister Mattie went to the nearest city, and left dear little four-year-old Nellie in our care until the express came in at twenty minutes after eight at night.

You poor mothers! how do you get along with more than one, I do wonder! How entirely they must absorb your attention, how great the responsibility! I don't want Mattie to know it, but I was in torture; I looked at the clock more than fifty times, and counted over, and over, the hours, and half-hours, that must really and truly come and go before that obstinate long hand would point to twenty minutes after eight! How I studied that clock—its workmanship, and gilding, and size, and the figures, compared with the figures on the other clock, and the old clock of my childhood, and the old, old clock of my babyhood! It stood between the two bed-room doors, I remembered very distinctly, just then, and its pendulum of coarse iron swung, oh, so far this way and that! And as I sat there rocking to and fro, and softly humming, to the tune of "Mear," the words of "by-o baby bye; by-o baby bye," my thoughts drowsily went afar off in a scattering way thinking of clocks only, and all the time these little, uneasy, boring fingers were busy. They punched into the two dimples of mine that are well-nigh smoothed out; and they sought and found a mole on my neck, and forthwith they seized on it like real little nippers. We gradually loosed the tiny pinchers and kissed them, never losing a note out of the droning, sleepy, impromptu song. Then the busy, creeping, little things twined themselves about the buttons on our basque, and they twisted with a marvelous show of strength; then they caught like hooks in our hair, and we softly pulled them out; then they poked themselves, the whole of their dear little stubby length—straight as pins of ivory—through and through the meshes of our knit jacket. Without missing a note out of our lullaby we carelessly gathered the precious pinky treasures into our warm palm, but only for a minute, for they stole out drowsily and began a prospecting tour about our ears; and finally a meddlesome forefinger resolved itself into a hook, and caught through an ear-ring, no wise tenderly, either. That was the crowning act. With an oh, dear! we loosened the claws of the little tiger and held them both closely in our hand. The slumber that we had hoped for was all gone then; she gave her nimble legs a flip and sprang off our lap like a cat, alighting on her feet three or four steps away from us. "What next?" we thought as we surveyed the dear little atom of humanity, standing with both hands up to

her head, and buried among the tossy curls. She surveyed us critically, an expression in her eyes that meant surprise, shame, chagrin, mischief, doubt and a greater desire to laugh than to cry. After awhile the system of torture began.

Why wasn't I named Nellie, and why wasn't grandpa named Nellie, and why wasn't Lily named Nellie? Why wasn't the dog named that, and why wasn't the cat, and why wasn't the horses, and why wasn't the cows, and why wasn't the preacher, and why wasn't the canary, and why wasn't the stove, and why wasn't the Bible and the tongs? What made us call tongs, tongs; and pepper-box, pepper-box; and tea-kettle, tea-kettle; and tater-peeling, tater-peeling? Why didn't any little boys live at our house, and why didn't they sleep in our beds, and eat at our table, and ride in our dust-pan? Why didn't I wear the kind of breeches men did, and the kind of hat and coat, and suspenders crossed on my back? Why didn't Barney Homer live at our house, and why didn't he wear his suspenders crossed this way, over his bosom, and not over his back where he couldn't see 'em? Why didn't Barney get God to put his head on t'other way, so he could see where the suspenders crossed each other? Did God like Barney, and did He like little girls who stuck out their mouths and went "yah yah!" at their sisters? Why didn't He like 'em? Would God give such little girls a good place when they died? or would He leave them lying round like chips on the ground, out in the weather? Did God like dogs? Why did He like dogs? Who made fire first? Why? Did Adam ever get his fingers burnt while he was making it? Where's Adam now? Who washes Adam's shirts? Does Adam boss round and give orders, or does he sit still and look at the rest of them? What makes him sit still? While he's sitting couldn't he as well be making wagons and sleds for the little angels? Do they like him? Do they call him Mr. Adam, and what was his other name? Why didn't he name things better names? Why didn't he call cows "coos," and calves "cavuss"? Could Adam spell? Who pronounced to him? Did I suppose he stood up or sat still while he recited? Did they have sofas in the Garden of Eden? Wasn't the grass cold and dewy? Didn't Adam ever take a hard cold sitting on the ground like a dog? and did he sneeze? and did he carry a handkerchief? and was his name in the corner of it? Did I suppose he ever took worm medicine, or pink and senna? What for, didn't he? Did he howl when his mamma picked out splinters? Why? Did she have to say "shut right up, Ad?" or, did she think lots of him, and call him dear? Did he wear red stockings? and did I suppose he ever had cold sores on his poor little mouth? Did I suppose he ever had a fiddle? What would a gold fiddle cost, one nice enough for grandpa? Had she better buy him one when she grew big and carried money in a side pocket like Dr. Ullman? Had she better buy the doctor a gold fiddle? How would I like one?

Would I prefer a gold horse, with gold eyes, and gold tail, and gold feet, and gold saddle, and a gold nose? Would I slip off when I rode it, or could I stick on pretty tight? What made flies walk right up the doors and the walls? Why couldn't I walk like a fly? Why not grandpa, and mamma, and papa, and Barney Homer? Why didn't I walk with my hands, too? What made the horses, and cows, and dogs walk with their hands? Why didn't they wear breeches, and shirts, and coats and hats? Was I 'fraid of tramps? What would I do if a horrid big tramp would come in real mad and hungry, and open his mouth so big, and take my head off at one great big bite?

Only think from eight o'clock in the morning till twenty minutes after eight at night! such a confused babble of confused commingled subjects; odds and ends, and scraps and bits! A quiet spinster unused to this, it made one of the longest days I ever lived. How I thought of you, mothers! my spirit-arms outreached to take you all in and pity you with the most loving words, and I longed for the power of giving you rest; rest to soul, and body, and poor bewildered brain.

All active babies are alike. When I thought of you I thought of this, and my sympathies flew world-wide, and I wondered not that some mothers, weary and borne down with the cares and responsibilities incident to true motherhood, did sometimes scold, and grow impatient and petulant, and say words that made their pillows wet with tears in the silence of the night when all slept save themselves. What a pity that we cannot read faces as we read printed pages! How much kinder would we be; how much softer would be the greeting, even as we passed one another on the street, or as we nodded, or smiled, or touched hands in the church aisles, or across the palings, or on the bustling pavement. But our faces are as sealed books, and we may not read them. We walk as strangers, and the great sorrow locked in one bosom may pass its soothing antidote daily, locked in the heart of another.

When we sat down to write, we never thought of telling about baby Nellie; we only meant to suggest a few plans for amusing the children and making them happy. Now, for little girls, and boys, too, one of the cutest things we have ever seen is toy-furniture, like Mary Ann Newman's children make. We have been delighted with the dear little toy-sets, and have arranged and re-arranged them with Toby, and Jack, and Janet, and Lucetta, many a time. Whenever we go to Mrs. Newman's, the first thing is for the children to bring out their stores for our delight, which we express in sundry ways, agreeable to them.

We think we can make directions plain enough, so that any child will understand, aided by an occasional explanation from the mother, or a deftly-given touch of her handy fingers. We are presuming that the mother is the friend, and companion, and counselor, as she should be, of her children. A lonely life, loveless and incomplete, is that of the little one, if mamma does not come down from the tip-top heights of her years of experience and wisdom to mingle her thoughts with theirs, to tell stories, to soothe, to plan wisely, to advise, to urge discretion, and be companionable, like as no other person in the world can ever be.

The little Newman's set of tiny furniture consists of a sofa, four chairs and a table, and their mother suggests that sometime, when she has leisure, she believes they can originate more—perhaps a bedstead and wash-stand, and maybe a dear little bureau. Oh,

how eagerly they did announce to me this latest bit of joyous intelligence! Toby said, with his eyes and lips, and even with his hands, which twisted themselves in and out, and over and over, like a fly washing his legs after a hearty repast: "I's thure mamma can sthudy out how to make a jureau!" and the look he gave her was fuller of pride and admiration than any devoted lover ever bestowed upon his heart's idol.

But the furniture. To make a chair. Take a common cork, clean and fresh, about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and about a quarter of an inch thick. This is for the seat part. Put a cover of red velvet over it, and be sure and fasten the edges neatly on the under-side. This can be done by cutting the velvet out round, the same as you would cover a button-mould. Then stick a row of new, straight pins along the edge in the form of a semi-circle for the back of the chair and for the sides. The pin in the middle should stick up about half an inch, and those at the ends only about a quarter of an inch. They should be graduated in height, the six pins on each side of the centre sloping down, just like the back of a real chair. These pins must be covered with a fine thread of zephyr, woven, or wound in and out, in and out, over one and under the next, commencing at one end. Wind back and forth the same way, and continue it until the pins are all covered but the heads. We forgot to say that the zephyr should be of the same color, as nearly as possible, as the velvet that covers the seat of the chair. To make the legs, stick pins in the under-side of the cork, at equal distances apart. These must be covered by winding the zephyr round and round each leg separately. Be sure and fasten the ends securely. This finishes the chair, and the little ones will hop with delight and prance in their glee.

Nothing can compliment a mother more than to see her dear little ones so brimful of rejoicing over some of her good or kind deeds that they go into prancing humor. If we were the mother of little children, such naturally-expressed joy and admiration would make us very happy indeed.

Now for the sofa. Listen, little dears. You will take a big cork; ask at the grocery for something of the kind; maybe those in wide-mouthed catsup-bottles would answer. If not, the druggist keeps the very sort you want—good, clean ones never yet used. He will give you one or two for nothing. Cut it in halves, across—it should be about two inches long and half an inch in thickness. Cover this with velvet the same as you did the chair; take care that it is not puckered or wrinkled, or in folds about the edges. If your quality of velvet is not thin enough, it may be so. In this case, use the same precaution as in covering a ball; place it smoothly, and cut out gores on the under-side; this will insure a good fit. Stick, say twenty or twenty-five pins for the back. Let them graduate—slope from the centre, like the back of a real sofa. Try and have it in proportion; don't let the back be too high nor too low; your eye will judge of the proportions correctly. Have three pins for legs. Cover all the pins with zephyr, the same as you did the chairs.

Now for the centre-table. Take a large cork, as large as the one you took for the sofa, and cut it rather thin. You may make it round, or square, or oblong, or with six or eight sides, just as you fancy. Cut out a piece of velvet to fit the table, and turn over just enough to hide the edge of it; then fasten this on with pins thrust clear in, so that only the heads show. Put them close together. The legs are made of pins likewise, and covered with the zephyr.

This completes the set, so far as the Newman children have theirs made.

The velvet must not be too heavy, and the pins must be new and straight, and the little fingers must be clean and dry, and they must work carefully, if the job is to be neatly and satisfactorily done. Silk would do to use instead of velvet, but it does not look so well; and the zephyr must be of the finest quality, too. A very pretty tidy can be made for the sofa with tatting-stitch, a little circular wheel like we make in tatting collars.

When the furniture is made, you do not want it standing around on your table or what-not, one piece in one place and another there; so we will tell you the charm that adds the finishing touch to all this array of pretty, childish delights. Take a piece of perforated card-board, say ten inches long and eight inches wide, and work it in gay worsteds, so that it will resemble a beautiful bit of carpet. Place this on a piece of Bristol-board the same size as the card-board; that will make it firm enough to be lifted about after the furniture is placed on it. And now, after the carpet is down, stand the articles of furniture wherever your good taste may dictate; and we believe, just because they are for show, and to look at, it would be well enough to take a stitch in red silk thread from the under-side, across the bottom of the legs, to hold them in place. Just as you please, however.

This is a little thing for a woman to write about, and men may toss their cynical noses up in the air, and the hard-faced, toiling mother may scold, and think Pipsey is sillier than any little boy or girl for

putting such "nonsense" into their heads; but we don't care, so long as somebody's children are delighted with the new idea and made happier. These days of childhood are so brief, they pass so quickly, it takes such little, innocent amusements to gladden them and make brighter the fleeting time, that we never feel better than when we are winning from them the more than benediction of, "I'm so glad! Oh, isn't she jolly!"

Every day of our lives we see men and women rushing on in the race for wealth and preferment, whose thin, yellow faces are hard, and seamed, and old-looking as parchment; they even lean forward in their greed, and they are of that great army who have come up from a loveless, bare, bleak childhood, worse than orphaned, worse than alone. And our hearts go out to such; for of all sorrows, the worst is, no childhood; no sympathy for their dear little blundering ways; no watchful eyes to grow brighter as they look upon them—the coming men and women—no cunningly contrived plans and devices to please them, to win their gratitude and thanks, and to make them full of that joy which will shine all through their lives, even on to tottering old age and second childhood.

The darlings! The boys and girls! The little, live, blustering, questioning, in-the-way dears, how can we do our whole duty by them? We have a great many nice things laid up for them alone which we hope to tell them soon, and for the dear mothers, too, many things out of the fullness of our heart.

PIPSEY POTTS.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE BUTTERFLY.

IT came floating along like a blossom moved by a gentle breeze.

Lilian held up her hand, and the lovely creature came down upon it softly, fanning its yellow wings with a slow and easy motion. Then it drew its wings together and was still, resting as fearlessly as if the fair hand of Lilian had been a flower.

For a little while Lilian stood motionless, looking at the delicate insect so beautiful and so wonderfully made.

"There! it is gone!" she said, taking a deep breath, as the butterfly went floating off on the air. "I wouldn't have hurt it for the world."

"Nor I," said Netty, who was standing by her side. "Wasn't it lovely? And just to think that it came out of an ugly worm that was crawling over and eating up the leaves in our garden only a few days ago!"

"One can hardly believe that," answered Lilian.

"And yet it is true. Don't you remember the black, horny worm we put in a box and the butterfly we found in its place a few days afterward?"

"Oh, yes! It seemed so wonderful. And when we opened the box it flew away out through the window."

"Mother told us," said Netty, "that while we live in this world our souls are like butterflies imprisoned in worms, which at death unfold their wings and rise into Heaven."

Lilian looked down at her fair hand and then into her sister's lovely face. Netty knew what she was thinking about.

"God has made for our souls beautiful earthly bodies," she added, "but mother says that our new bodies, when we go up into Heaven, will as far exceed these in beauty as the butterfly exceeds the worm."

"Then I won't be afraid of dying," answered Lilian.

They were walking near the house, and their mother heard what Lilian said.

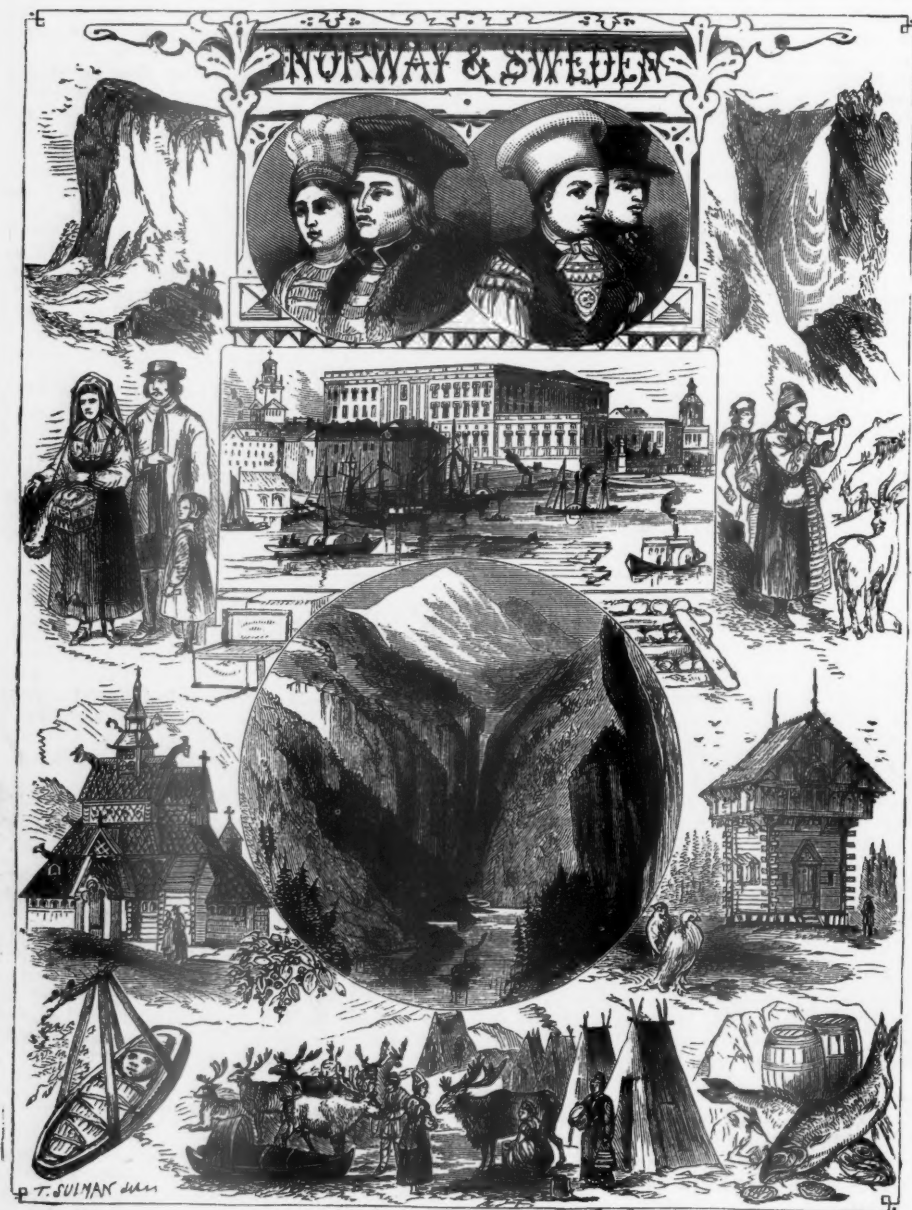
She spoke to them in her gentle, serious way: "To die, my children, is only going to sleep in this world and waking up in the next. The soul, like an imprisoned butterfly, as I have many times said to you, will rise out of this poor earthly body beautiful as an angel. No, darlings; you need not be afraid of dying. All you have to fear is doing wrong. Be pure and good in all your thoughts and actions, and death will come to you, when it does come, as a sweet sleep, from which the waking will be in Heaven."

NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

THE great peninsular in the north-western part of Europe comprises these interesting countries. The coast of Norway, bordering upon the Arctic and the Atlantic Oceans, and the North Sea, is bold and rocky, penetrated by numerous inlets called *fjorde*. Sweden lies east of Norway and west of Russia, and it is bounded on the south by the Baltic. The surface of the two lands is very high, the greater part being more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea. Geologists tell us that it is steadily rising,

at the rate of about a foot in a century. The most striking features are vast forests of birch and pine, rapid rivers with many cataracts, numerous deep lakes and grand mountain-peaks. Mineral deposits are very rich, iron and copper being exceedingly

throughout the greater part of the year. The short summer, however, is often extremely hot, the flowers, the fruits and the grains reaching perfection in a surprisingly short time. Of the vegetable productions, flax, oats, wheat and potatoes flourish best, while



abundant, while gold and silver are also found. Great numbers of fur-bearing animals roam through the thinly settled districts; birds whose flesh and feathers are alike esteemed, frequent the dense woods and tall cliffs; myriads of fish fill the lakes and streams. The climate is very cold, winter lasting

the trees, as before intimated, are of the most hardy kind.

Going toward the north, as might be expected, the atmosphere grows more and more severe, until, near the Polar Sea, one finds himself in the dreary and uninhabitable regions of perpetual snow, in which

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he may behold the phenomena of a summer sun remaining above the horizon for six months, and a winter display of the flaming glories of the *aurora borealis*—wonders seemingly ordained as a compensation for the death-like barrenness of the zone.

The people of Norway and Sweden are sturdy, industrious, kind-hearted, pious, and, save in the large cities, exceedingly simple and primitive in their habits. Their houses are small, but comfortable, and it is not uncommon to find the father of a family manufacturing everything for their use, rearing the walls of the cottage and making all the furniture, as well as shoes and articles of clothing.

The Laplanders, of short stature and dark complexion, are a different race, resembling the Mongolians. They are Christians, but seem, as yet, little removed from their original barbarism. They live in miserable huts, and subsist on the birds and fish which they catch, and the flesh and milk of the reindeer, an animal to them a never-failing source of bodily comfort, both as a beast of burden, and as giving food, clothing and articles of every-day use.

The chief cities are Christiania and Stockholm. The latter, the capital, is noted for its handsome buildings. Upsal contains the famous university, the Alma Mater of the great botanist Linnaeus, one of the grandest of scientists, the noblest of men, and the sweetest, most child-like of Christians the world has ever known.

Norway and Sweden have produced many other noted people. Their poets, living almost before the dawn of history, survive in their writings, called the Sagas. The ancient Vikings, wild, fierce and courageous, ruled seas and conquered lands. Later kings, Gustavus Vasa, Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII, have been among the most successful of warriors. Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson are wonderful singers, and the novels of Frederika Bremer have been translated into many languages.

The two countries are united under one king, Oscar II, great-grandson of General Bernadotte, who was placed upon the throne by Napoleon, in 1814. The fortunes of the whole realm, at present, are peaceful and prosperous.

The Home Circle.

WRINKLES AND DIMPLES;

OR, MYSELF AND MY GIRLS

No. 2.

DURING our last vacation, some of the girls stayed here. We all fixed up our winter-wear, and made pretty and useful things about the house that we had planned months before. Esther helped us.

It seems a long story to tell; seems that it cannot all be put into these few pages, but we will endeavor to make it plain and brief as possible.

We needed bed and pillow-shams, which we made out of some snow-white old sheets, leaving out thin parts, ruffling them with narrow cambric, cut bias. They will last as long in shams, as they did in good, serviceable sheets. Some fine old linen pillow-cases, worn in the centres, made table napkins by taking the best ends of them. And some fine, soft linen sheets, made long, long ago, came out into newness and usefulness, by taking the good ends of them for large towels, to spread over the table-ware, as it stood in the dining-room, over baskets of apples, or grapes, or winter pears, or for any use in which they looked pretty. You women know that even a snowy towel has its use and its mission for good, even though it is not essentially necessary.

I learned this one time while visiting a poor cousin, whose little home had only one room, besides the bed-chamber. I could not imagine how she managed to keep everything looking so pretty and so inviting. But I watched her; I wanted to see what magical power was hers. It was all in the little things that some women would not notice at all. For instance, the two windows were as clean and as clear as crystal, the white curtains were looped aside so as to hang in soft, graceful folds. Even in this particular thing I observed that cousin calculated with the eye of an artist. When she gathered the curtain aside, she stepped back, and tipped her head sidewise, to note the change, then she looped it a little lower, and stepped back again to study the effect. Even as insignificant an item as this was, she considered as having an influence. Now, how many women there

are who would take up a long muslin curtain in a hand-over-hand, mannish manner, give it a twist, and tuck it up on a nail, or over the top, with a vicious growl for "more light on the subject." Her stove-ware was kept in a store-box that was tipped on its side, and the water-pail stood on top.

Now that bare, desolate contrivance, alone, was enough to cast a hint of poverty through the whole room, for these substitutes do look poor; but Bessie converted the box into furniture by spreading a fresh newspaper on top, and hanging a clean, starched curtain in front. Then her house-plants carried good cheer in-doors, and everything in its place helped to render the little "kitchen, parlor and hall," a very inviting home-like place.

I often tell the girls of Cousin Bessie's poor opportunities, and how she twists them around until she makes advantages of them all. We took her for an example during our vacation. My! how we did work! I remember Josie made her old alpaca dress over, quite as good as new. She ripped it apart and turned it, cut off the worn and frayed edges, cleaned the soiled places with benzine, dampened and ironed it on the wrong side, made a new sham skirt, took the wide plaiting off from the bottom of it, turned, and put on a fresh binding, cut the basque and over-skirt into a long polonaise, trimmed with narrow bands of black silk, and, really, the dress is quite as good as new. She made over several old alpaca and cashmere dresses for us, into second-best. After a dress has been worn a good while, it will do nicely for winter-wear, if it has new, fresh, thick, good linings, but it will not be warm enough without these important changes. A dress becomes stretched and don't fit as snugly as at first, and for this reason it needs renovating. We each bought one new one, and fixed over one old one for our every-day wear. The new ones were dark colors in basket-cloth, alpaca and poplin, from twenty-five to thirty-five cents a yard. These will be very nice for serviceable winter-wear, warm and neat, and new and fresh. With a lace ruffle, or crimped lawn frill, or even white linen bands about the neck and wrists, a bright bow of ribbon at the throat, something bright in the hair, and a coquettish white apron—for the young girls—

why we'll all look tidy and nice, at a trifling cost, too.

I tell all the girls to save the fine linen shirt-bosoms after their brothers' shirts are worn out, and make them over into something white to wear about the necks and wrists of their every-day dresses. I know that such things are utilized by some of the best and wealthiest young ladies in Millwood. The linen is generally very fine, and pure, and white. I don't allow the girls to wear their best dresses out on the street; these second-best are meant to save their good ones. If a dress gets a wetting, it never looks so well afterward, and for this reason they are obliged to be very careful. We wear second-best, and even third-best hats, too. You all know that wearing a hat out in the moist night air, or in dewy mornings, or days in which the hint of rain is scarcely discernable, is ruinous to a good hat; and if worn then it will never appear quite so well after that. The merits of the third-best hats cannot be discovered, for a veil covers them entire, and ties at the back of the neck.

We all think Lottie's dress is very becoming. It is a stiff, good piece of basket-cloth, or damassee, or some such goods, about the color of dead oak-leaves. It suits her face, looks quiet, and mouse-y, and demure, and she is such a modest little one, with her low voice and pretty ways. We are all pleased with her choice.

My two dresses are both black. The old one was a jetty cashmere, that I bought when my husband died. It had become soiled in spite of me, and considerably worn about the bottom and under-side of the sleeves, and the button-holes had broken, and it was a mite too large at first. Esther and I had a deal between us, and to make it square, she proposed renovating my cashmere dress. She ripped it all to pieces, and took ten cents worth of soap-bark, which she bought at the drug-store in the city, boiled it in three pints of water, and strained it. Each piece of cashmere was dipped into this while the liquid was quite warm, well sponged and ironed between folds of muslin. This made it almost as good as new. New linings were used, and new trimmings and braid, and bows of good gros-grain ribbon; the button-holes were newly worked, and the dress came out of Esther's hands just as good as new. It was trimmed with bands of black silk, and the buttons were silk, gros-grain, covered.

Esther made one over for herself, combination, silk and cashmere. It was very pretty. The silk was a very old piece, something that had been found in an old trunk of her dead grandmother's. We thought it had been a shawl, for there were no signs of the prick of a needle in it, nor a sign of stitches nor folds.

Our good, warm, quilted skirts we made ourselves; just as pretty and as good as those we would buy for three dollars. Of course we made them out of such material as we had on hand, buying as little as possible. Some of us took repellent circulars that we were tired of, for lining, or old repellent dresses, or whatever we could spare best, and then used alpaca, or farmer's satin, or poplin, or any pretty worsted goods for the outside, to reach half-way up the length of the skirt. This was quilted on the sewing machine, in fine diamond checks. You will hardly believe it, but the prettiest skirt was made out of the most scanty materials.

One of the girls—Mary—said she could not contrive a single thing to make a skirt out of. Now it happened that I had seen her wear a very elaborately-flounced alpaca lustre when she first came here to

attend seminary, and I asked her what she ever did with that dress. The reply was: "Oh, you know it was so cut up into flouncing that it was good for nothing. That beautiful lustre was built on to a cambric skirt; the goods were all cut up into bias strips not more than six inches in width, so when the fashion changed, the dress was of no use to me or to any one else."

Now I knew better.

That same evening Mary sent a letter home to her mother for the old dress, and two days after, the old rumbling hack stopped at the gate, and the driver, good Mr. Rank, fumbled under his seat and brought out a parcel for Mary, and then we told her what to do. Rip off carefully every one of the flounces, pick out the stitches, dampen the goods, fold them evenly, and when thoroughly damp all through, iron between two thicknesses of muslin. Then take the skirting, on the lower half of which the wadding was smoothly basted; begin at the bottom, and sew on with long stitches one width of the flouncing, baste it down, then sew on the next strip, turning it so that the seam would come on the under-side next the wadding; and keep on, after this manner, until strips of the flouncing cover it up about half the length of the skirt.

How nice that was! How bright, and lustrous, and new, and elegant! Now, to hide the seams that go round the skirt so many times, we will quilt this just round and round, say half an inch apart. No one would ever think that the shiny, rustling skirt was made of pieces deemed useless; and if they even knew the truth, what harm? Good economy is commendable; is one of the virtues; is the golden key to successful management.

There is no end to the pretty and serviceable skirts for winter wear that one can make out of any good material they may chance to have on hand. Bits of silk, and cashmere, and poplin will work in charmingly in the way of ornamentation, and of real utility; those pretty plated strips that help to make a skirt set well and appear dressy, can be made out of old bands, and shirrings, and flouncing; and nearly all the trimmings that are ripped off from nice dresses, and are of no account whatever, if laid away carefully—creased, and just as they are—in a roomy box, will blossom the second time some day, perhaps not for years. I know when the Hamilton girls made theirs they delighted our eyes, and almost challenged our admiration when they told us how they would manage. Some finely made shirring that had been laid aside, with the very gathers and folds still in it, was brought forth and made to beautify a skirt by sewing it on over an inch-wide strip of wiggan for stiffening. Then a long piece of gros-grain bias silk was cut across so as to make diamonds, and these were set on, running transversely. It was very pretty indeed.

But how dull and tedious is my poor way of telling all this! How much easier to show you, if I could; to lay the garments on your laps, tired women, and poor, pains-taking girls, and let your eager eyes take in at a quick glance all this which you are glad to know, and which my lagging words cannot make plain. With your quick imaginations, I trust you will see what I mean, and even more; that a suggestion may come to you even better, and in advance of anything of ours.

When we bought our winter shoes, we all agreed on one kind; indeed, they are the best and most serviceable, wear the longest, and are always soft and smooth as a glove—the French calf. We always wore them ourselves, and we could most cordially recommend them as excellent.

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Three of our rooms up-stairs had no closets in them. I felt sorry for the girls, for in spite of all their efforts the dust would settle on their best dresses; so we set our wits to work to invent some thing, and by the help of the young carpenter in the cottage over the way we are very well pleased with our plan. He measured the wall out from one corner, a yard each way, fastened a strong piece of wire in the wall, put up plenty of clothes-hooks, and then we hung up a curtain of calico, with rings at the top to slide over the wire. This made a very nice clothes-press for one room. In another we had a two-foot wide shelf about five feet long put up securely, say one foot from the ceiling above. A curtain was laid in box-plaits and tacked to the edge of this shelf, and hung in folds clear to the floor. This was fixed inside with clothes-hooks, and was a very nice clean place to keep dresses. But the little closet that we all admired most was made in a corner. A large three-cornered shelf was put up within two feet of the ceiling, and with clothes-hooks and a heavy damask curtain, it was the prettiest of all. Band-boxes fit snugly on top, and are out of the way. We were all delighted with the new arrangements.

There is such a difference in my girls; some are so ready to devise, and plan, and execute, and are so quick to see and understand, while others—I hate to say it—will look and listen, and think dumbly and pitifully, and their very mouths will stand ajar in a dazed way. I love all of 'em, but I have to laugh sometimes and slyly tread the toe nearest me. The dear girls! they study to please me, and—I wish I'd not said that about their mouths, the dear creatures!

CHATTY BROOKS.

MY LADY AND I.

WHAT has my lady that I have not?
Wealth and station and power,
A mansion that overshadows my cot
As a great tree shadows a flower.

Splendid coaches and high-bred steeds,
Statues and paintings rare;
Whatever she wishes, or craves, or needs,
She has but to speak—it is there.

Busts and vases from foreign lands,
All that is bought with gold,
Comes at the wave of my lady's hands
Like a touch of the lamp of old.

Royal jewels and webs of lace,
Like cunningest works of frost,
She pleases her fancy and suits her taste,
With never a thought of cost.

But what have I that she has not?

Oh, what she cannot buy—
Love to brighten my lowly lot,
Love, and a love-lit eye.

Some one who comes when the night falls down,
And brings back glee and mirth,
Who shuts in the home, and shuts out the town,
And sits with me by the hearth.

Some one who lightens the labor load,
Who makes misfortune vain,
And the loveliest baby that ever crowed
And tapped on the window-pane.

Ah, my lady of royal mein,
You may ride in your carriage fine,
But I am prouder, for I am queen,
Crowned by a love divine.

ELLA WHEELER.

FROM MY CORNER.

No. 35.

"A friend stands at the door;
In either tight-closed hand
Hiding rich gifts—three hundred and threescore;
Waiting to strew them, daily, o'er the land,
Even as the sower.
Each drops he, treads it in, and passes by;
It cannot be made fruitful, till it die.

"Friend, come thou like a friend,
And whether bright thy face,
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,
We'll hold out patient hands, each in his place,
And trust thee to the end;
Knowing thou ledest onward to those spheres
Where there are neither days, nor months, nor years."

LOOKING over one of my treasured books in which, during the last ten years, I have copied favorite poems, and scraps of prose and verse, I came across Miss Muloch's beautiful poem on the New Year. The two verses quoted are so much better than anything I could say on the subject, just now, that I have given them here. The whole poem is so good that I wish I might take the space to give all of it. The idea of each day being a gift, hidden from us until its hour comes, is a pretty thought. So many gifts, so much time to use for either profit or loss; and so many hands are held out eagerly for the coming days, looking for them to bring happiness, or gain of some kind. I would fain reach mine out to clasp stronger ones, that they might help to give me strength and courage to walk the way that leads toward "those other spheres." For sometimes my spirit grows faint before the unknown future, and I repeat with Miss Muloch,

"Oh, hang some lamp-like hope
Above the unknown way,
Kind year; to give our spirits freer scope,
And our hands strength to work while it is day."

Yes, that is what I long for—"strength to work," that the way may not seem so long and be filled with use, if not with beauty. But most of all—if I only might attain to it—for that work which will beautify—patient, loving work for others, and a cheerful spirit for each day, that whatever it brings may be gone through with bravely.

Mrs. Browning says:

"What are we set on earth for? Say to toil—
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
For all the heat o' day, till it declines,
And death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.

The least flower with its brimming cup may stand,
And share its dewdrop with another, near."

I used to think that would be part of my work as I grew better—to help brighten or freshen the lives of those around me from my cup, in which I meant to keep as many drops as possible. I wonder now, if it will ever be. Perhaps my dewdrop is not sweet, or few other flowers want it. Or one needs it all, and there is none to give away without lessening her share; for the cup is not often very full. Yet, it would be so sweet to know that some whom I have loved dearly, cared for the drops, and found sweetness in them.

I laid aside my writing just here, this morning, to read an interesting girls' story, in the *Churchman*, and found in it the New Year admonition that I needed. "It is enough to take one day at a time and try to make that good. It is hard enough, even then, and sometimes it is best to go hour by hour. One

day at a time, is the secret of every noble life. One day at a time, taken up bravely, with its duties faithfully done as they come, its trials patiently borne, its temptations firmly resisted, its cross cheerfully carried, its joys rightly used, and its gladness gathered from every hour as it passes on."

I used to make good resolutions at the beginning of each year, as these girls did, and fail directly in carrying them out. Now I have concluded it is not of much use. I must try to manage one day, and that is more than I can often do well; so instead of looking forward to the year before one, with a shrinking heart, I will endeavor only to meet each day bravely, and take what it brings, unquestioningly. Looking around me just in my own circle of friends, the new year dawns so differently with different ones. I know happy homes where young hearts are just beginning life anew, with brightest promise for the future. Bright little rooms, made beautiful by the work of tasteful hands, and the prompting of loving hearts, where some whom I have known and loved since they were little school-girls, or gay, thoughtless maidens, now reign happy queens, each in a kingdom of her own. I like to think of these homes, and send loving wishes after their occupants, as they start on their life journey. For there are other ones to which my thoughts must turn sometimes, where trial, and sorrow, and loss, have crushed out all joyousness for the time, and made the whole earth look gloomy. The wheel of life turns around, and some have their sorrow while others are having their joy, and in time it is reversed. It must be so. Let those to whom happiness comes now, enjoy it fully and thankfully while they may, as one of the good Father's most precious gifts.

In her pretty, cheerful sitting-room, Hope sings the songs she used to sing for me, to a little Charlie. The crown of motherhood has made her life complete, and she counts herself rich in jewels. She is a fond and proud mother, but her hands are as full of work as her heart is of love, and I seldom see her. There are many friends whom I do not often see through the cold and frequently bad weather, but some of those who are near by, make up for it a good deal. Madge, my young neighbor over the way, comes in with her bright face, and a breath of the bracing winter air about her, which does one good. She is always good-humored and cheery. The realities of life do not make much impression on her yet; she seems free from care as the birds of June. One evening last week she came over to let me see her dressed for a party. In her black tarlatan dress, with scarlet geraniums at her throat and in her dark hair, and her sparkling black eyes dancing with pleasure, she looked like a bright, rich flower, herself. A striking contrast to Floy, who was here the same night, in white tarlatan looped with rosebuds, and with creamy tea-roses in her hair, reminded me of a fair white lily, on its slender stalk. Madge has a pit, in which she keeps her flowers blooming through the winter, and many a blossom finds its way to me, to remind me of summer days.

Another new friend near by, brings her cheerful presence—and sometimes when I am feeling bad her helping hand—to my room, and occasionally of a warm, sunny day, coaxes me over to her house for a change which does me good, since I have to be shut up so much more, now that winter is here. There we have a quiet, cozy time, with our work and talk, until the short afternoon closes, and she brings me home with a helping arm around me. So the days go on, while I wait for winter's cold to leave, and spring to smile again.

LICHEN.

THE CHILDREN'S EVENINGS.

THE children want a good, comfortable place of their own for reading and study this winter, and I hope that all mothers will make an effort to give them such facilities. These long, golden, winter evenings are equal to a season's schooling if only rightly improved. It depends mainly on the mother whether these comforts are to be had or not. If she is grudging of an extra lamp, and refuses the privilege of an extra fire in a convenient room, then the poor children will probably settle down to a ruinous waste of time that can never come back. What is the outlay of fuel and oil compared to the gain of knowledge in even a single week of winter evenings?

The wise household is a unit when it comes to this matter of improvement. The mother goes heart and soul into any plan that will aid to advance the children. The father gladly shoulders any expense that comes within his means, remembering always the serious truth that children can grow up but once.

So get your place ready, boys and girls, taking all the hard work of the fitting up upon yourselves. Now save with care all your nickels from the confectioner's shop for awhile, and drop them into a "library fund." As prices are, you can get considerable with a little money. And a good magazine, a weekly paper, and a few standard books, will give you much useful information as the weeks go by. Don't squander an hour on a weak book or paper, and never suffer in your house a bad one, any sooner than you would pet a black snake. Evil literature is worse than a whole nest of black snakes. May this be a really good winter to every boy and girl that reads our magazine.

MAGGIE.

EARNEST TALKS.

No. 1.

WE have been reading Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," which, to the thoughtful mind, is like looking into crystal waters, wherein we see self reflected in all its varying phases. Sometimes the waters are troubled, and give distorted, unlovely pictures, but it is only for a little time; soon it is clear, and we see goodness, and beauty, and truth, blending harmoniously together. We love to turn the pages over and glean rich gems of thought and feeling, rich truths which help us to the correct understanding of life and its duties. Hear what he writes of happiness:

"To aim at thine own happiness, is an end idolatrous and evil. In earth, yea, in Heaven, if thou seek it for itself, seeking thou shalt not find. Happiness is a roadside flower, growing on the highways of usefulness; plucked, it shall wither in thy hand; passed by, it is fragrance to thy spirit. Love not thine own soul, regard not thine own weal, trample the thyme beneath thy feet; be useful, and be happy!"

Truer words were never written, yet how often we see young men and maidens entering on life's solemn journey with the pursuit of happiness before them as the one great aim and object. The "highway of usefulness," where alone true happiness is found, is to them an unknown way. They see but the opening which seems, to them, hedged in with difficulties and filled with disagreeable duties, and, thinking not of the light which ever guides the footsteps of those who enter there, knowing not the blessed joy of doing good, they turn aside where present pleasures beckon, and in striving to be happy, become, daily, more miserable, and this because they seek happiness for

itself, not for some high and noble purpose; because they seek their own, not another's good. If the path of duty be set with thorns which sometimes pierce the weary feet, the flowers growing among them are fairer and more lasting than any to be found elsewhere. They alone who give themselves to usefulness—whether it be in high places or in low, whether in life's lowly walks, where but few shall know the work they do, or upon purple-crowned mountains where turns the admiring gaze of the multitude—they alone shall know true happiness. The consciousness of duty well-done, the knowledge that, through our life, other lives are blessed, brings a peacefulness and holy joy never felt by the pleasure-seeker. Not that all should not have pleasures and recreations—all these are good in their place, but should not be allowed to usurp that of better things, and so become of paramount interest to the mind. The great aim in life for each of us should be not to be happy, but to be good, to do good, and they who have not this as the foundation of their life, will find but "dead sea apples," in place of the golden fruit they thought to grasp. How the great heart of the Father must yearn over them! How His love must seek to inspire them to truer things! But, oh, solemn thought! it is for each heart to choose for itself. O man, O maiden, standing to-day at life's beautiful portal, seeing the two ways opening before you, will you not choose the "better part?" Will you not be earnest workers instead of mere pleasure-seekers? The golden halo shines but to deceive in the one way; in the other it shines brighter and brighter "unto the perfect day." By and by you must go to the Master with the sheaves you have gathered. Oh, do not go with empty hands! He gives us each a work to do here, then let us do it bravely and well. Let duty, not pleasure, be the guiding star of your life. This path may seem darkest at the outset, but every step taken there makes the next one easier, and, when your eyes are "holden," Heaven's own light will shine through the darkness. Angels will sing to cheer you on the way, and with you will go a blessed sense of His presence.

What though there be trials and hardships there? They are sent by infinite love for your good. Rightly met, you shall find in them your greatest blessing, your true strength. Would you be like the tender hot-house plant, which droops and dies with the first touch of the chilling frosts? Nay; rather be like the sturdy forest-tree which, with its many thousand hands upraised to heaven, meets the storm all unharmed. Its roots are firmly grounded in the soil, while its top grows upward—up, away from the dark mould, away from gnawing worms or troubling insects, to heaven's own beautiful blue. So let your lives be firmly rooted in faith in the goodness and wisdom of God. So let your hearts reach upward to Him, and let no canker of doubt or fear disturb your peace. "He knoweth our frame; He remembereth we are but dust," and will not try us beyond what we are able to bear. Trials, seen in the distance, look ominous and terrible, but, when we come to them, He will grant us strength to bear them. We can anticipate the trial, but not so easily the strength which will surely come, if we will but accept it; so let us fret not ourselves because of the morrow, but, gathering to-day's joys into our hearts, leave to-morrow to His care. Yet, gather the joys with no selfish purpose, lest they vanish from thy hands, and leave disappointment and pain. By a wisdom as wondrous as it is loving, our best blessings are such that the more they are shared with others, the more is our own hearts enriched and uplifted.

"Who blesseth others by his daily deeds,
Himself will find the healing his spirit needs;
For every flower on others pathway strown,
Bestows its fragrant beauty on our own."

Then scatter flowers and sunshine as you walk;
"be useful and be happy." EARNEST.

TAKE THE LITTLE ONES WITH YOU.

"I THINK Pipsey would approve of that man," I said, as I watched a man go by in his spider-like buggy one day. He had one of his little folks on one side of him, and the baby of two years old carefully tucked up in his left arm, leaving the right free to guide the steady old horse. His business called him to drive about the country much of the time, and he seldom went without one or two of his five little folks in with him. I knew what a saving of labor and care it was to the little woman in the yellow house, who toils from morning till night for that household. With the two older children at school, and the others "out riding with father," how fast she could work, compared with her progress with them all under her feet.

Women do not appreciate as they might the great blessing of the school, even from the standpoint of a safe nursery for the children through the heart of the busy day. Teachers are great helpers to any mother, and ought to be considered with kindness and gratitude for their work's sake.

Many fathers might, with profit, imitate Mr. A.'s example, and often take the boy or the little girl along when they go to town on business. It would be such an easy thing to do, yet such a help to the mother, and such a joy to the child. The world is so new to them, the most common excursion is full of interest and delight. It widens their views, and gives them food for new thoughts for days and weeks to come. It makes the bond closer and dearer between the father and his child; and who can estimate the worth of that tie. Some fathers, too, would be the safer themselves for taking the boy along.

J. E. M'C.

HUMILITY.

NO ornament is like that of a meek and quiet spirit. Whenever we meet one possessed of this, how truly do we love his presence. But, by humility, we do not mean an abject, desponding disposition, nor a servile, cringing, fawning to superiors, for much passes for humility which deserves not the name.

It is not true that those who are in poverty, are always humble, for pride maketh its dwelling-place as often in the hearts of the lowly, as those of the highest station in life. But do not try to be what you are not. If you are wise and learned, be sure the world will find it out. If one's character is full of conceit and egotism, his or her capacity for usefulness is gone. There is nothing so perfectly ridiculous in life as this constant grasping after something beyond our reach.

Therefore, for the sake of humanity, be truthful, be candid, be humble, be condescending, in all your deportment, then you will have an influence in doing good, and can greatly aid the well-being of those around you.

EMILY SANBORN.

Evenings with the Poets.

THE DUKITE SNAKE.

WELL, mate, you asked me about a fellow
You met to-day, in a black-and-yellow
Chain-gang suit, with a peddler's pack,
Or with some such burden, strapped to his back.
Did you meet him square? No; passed you by?
Well, if you had, and had looked in his eye,
You'd have felt for your irons then and there;
For the light in his eye is a madman's glare.
Ay, mad, poor fellow! I know him well,
And if you're not sleepy just yet, I'll tell
His story—a strange one as ever you heard
Or read; but I'll vouch for it, every word.
You just wait a minute, mate: I must see
How that damper's doing, and make some tea.
You smoke? That's good; for there's plenty of weed
In that wallaby skin. Does you horse feed
In the hobbles? Well he's got good feed here,
And my own old bushmare won't interfere.
Done with that meat? Throw it here to the dogs,
And fling on a couple of banksia logs.

And now for the story. That man who goes
Through the bush with the pack and the convict's clothes,
Has been mad for years; but he does no harm,
And our lonely settlers feel no alarm
When they see or meet him. Poor Dave Sloane
Was a settler once, and a friend of my own.
Some eight years back, in the spring of the year,
Dave came from Scotland, and settled here.
A splendid young fellow he was just then,
And one of the bravest and truest men
That I ever met; he was kind as a woman
To all who needed a friend, and no man—
Not even a convict—met with his scorn,
For David Sloane was a gentleman born.
Ay, friend, a gentleman, though it sounds queer;
There's plenty of blue blood flowing out here,
And some younger sons of your "upper ten"
Can be met with here, first-rates bushmen.
Why, friend, I—

Bah! curse that dog, you see
This talking so much has affected me.

Well, Sloane came here with an axe and a gun;
He bought four miles of a sandal-wood run.
This bush at that time was a lonesome place,
So lonesome, the sight of a white man's face
Was a blessing, unless it came at night,
And peered in your hut, with the cunning fright
Of a runaway convict, and even they
Were welcome, for talk's sake, when they could stay.
Dave lived with me here for a while, and learned
The tricks of the bush—how the snare was laid
In the wallaby track, how traps were made,
How possums and kangaroo rats were killed;
And when that was learned, I helped him to build
From mahogany slabs a good bush hut,
And showed him how sandal-wood logs were cut.
I lived up there with him days and days,
For I loved the lad for his honest ways.
I had only one fault to find: at first
Dave worked too hard; for a lad who was nursed
As he was, in idleness, it was strange
How he cleared that sandal-wood off his range.
From the morning light till the light expired
He was always working, he never tired;
Till at length I began to think his will
Was too much settled on wealth, and still
When I looked at the lad's brown face and eye,
Clear open, my heart gave such thought the lie.
But one day—for he read my mind—he laid
His hand on my shoulder. "Don't be afraid,"
Said he, "that I'm alone for pelf.
I work hard, friend; but 'tis not for myself."

And he told me then, in his quiet tone,
Of a girl in Scotland, who was his own—
His wife—'twas for her: 'twas all he could say,
And his clear eye brimmed as he turned away.
After that he told me the simple tale:
They had married for love, and she was to sail
For Australia when he wrote home and told
The oft-watched-for story of finding gold.

In a year he wrote, and his news was good:
He had bought some cattle and sold his wood.
He said, "Darling, I've only a hut—but come."
Friend, a husband's heart is a true wife's home;
And he knew she'd come. Then he turned his hand
To make neat the house, and prepare the land
For his crops and vines; and he made that place
Put on such a smiling and homelike face,
That when she came and he showed her round
His sandal-wood and his crops in the ground,
And spoke of the future, they cried for joy,
The husband's arm clasping his wife and boy.

Well, friend, if a little of Heaven's best bliss
Ever comes from the upper world to this,
It came into that manly bushman's life,
And circled him round with the arms of his wife.
God bless that bright memory! Even to me,
A rough, lonely man, did she seem to be,
While living, an angel of God's pure love,
And now I could pray to her face above.
And David he loved her as only a man
With a heart as large as was his heart can.
I wondered how they could have lived apart,
For he was her idol, and she his heart.

Friend, there isn't much more of the tale to tell;
I was talking of angels awhile since. Well,
Now I'll change to a devil—ay, to a devil!
You needn't start: if a spirit of evil
Ever came to this world its hate to slake
On mankind, it came as a Dukite Snake.
Like? Like the pictures you've seen of sin,
A long, red snake—as if what was within
Was fire that gleamed through his glistening skin.
And his eyes!—if you could go down to hell
And come back to your fellows here and tell
What the fire was like, you could find no thing,
Here below on the earth, or up in the sky,
To compare it to but a Dukite's eye!

Now, mark you, these Dukites don't go alone
There's another near when you see but one;
And beware you of killing that one you see
Without finding the other: for you may be
More than twenty miles from the spot that night,
When camped, but you're tracked by the lone Dukite,
That will follow your trail, like death or fate,
And kill you as sure as you killed its mate.

Well, poor Dave Sloane had his young wife here
Three months—'twas just this time of the year.
He had teamed some sandal-wood to the Vasse,
And was homeward bound, when he saw in the grass
A long, red snake. He had never been told
Of the Dukite's ways—he jumped to the road,
And smashed its flat head with the bullock goad
He was proud of the red skin, so he tied
Its tail to the cart, and the snake's blood dyed
The bush on the path he followed that night.

He was early home, and the dead Dukite
Was flung at the door to be skinned next day.
At sunrise next morning he started away
To hunt up his cattle. A three hours' ride
Brought him back: he gazed on his home with pride
And joy in his heart; he jumped from his horse
And entered—to look on his young wife's corse,

And his dead child clutching its mother's clothes
As in fright; and there, as he gazed, arose
From her breast, where 'twas resting the gleaming head
Of the terrible Dukite, as if it said,
"I've had vengeance, my foe; you took all I had."
And so had the snake—David Sloane was mad!
I rode to his hut just by chance that night,
And there on the threshold the clear moonlight
Showed the two snakes dead. I pushed in the door
With an awful feeling of coming woe:
The dead were stretched on the moonlit floor,
The man he'd the hand of his wife—his pride,
His poor life's treasure—and crouched by her side.
O God! I sank with the weight of the blow.
I touched and called him: he heeded me not,
So I dug her grave in a quiet spot,
And lifted them both—her boy on her breast,
And laid them down in the shade to rest.

Then I tried to take my poor friend away,
But he cried so wofully, "Let me stay
Till she comes again!" that I had no heart
To try to persuade him then to part
From all that was left to him here—her grave.
So I stayed by his side that night, and, save
One heart-cutting cry, he uttered no sound—
O God! that wail—like the wail of a hound!

'Tis six long years since I heard that cry,
But 'twill ring in my ears till the day I die.
Since that fearful night no one has heard
Poor David Sloane utter sound or word.
You have seen to-day how he always goes:
He's been given that suit of convict's clothes
By some prison officer. On his back
You noticed a load like a peddler's pack?
Well, that's what he lives for: when reason went,
Still memory lived, for his days are spent
In searching for Dukites; and year by year
That bundle of skins is growing. 'Tis clear
That the Lord out of evil some good still takes,
For he's clearing this bush of the Dukite snakes.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

IN THE NEST.

GATHER them close to your loving heart,
Cradle them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,
That their restless feet will run;
There may come a time in the by and by
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh
For a sound of childish fun;

When you'll long for the repetition sweet
That sounded through each room,
Of "Mother!" "Mother!" the dear love calls,
That will echo long in the silent halls,
And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear
The eager, boyish tread,
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,
The busy bustle in and out,
And a pattering overhead.

The boys and girls are all grown up,
And scattered far and wide,
Or gone to the undiscovered shore,
Where youth and age come nevermore,
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them close to your loving heart,
Cradle them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

The Temperance Cause.

EXCITING CAUSES OF INEBRIETY.

"The Quarterly Journal of Inebriety," devoted to a study of the various disorders which both precede and follow inebriety and the opium mania, is a periodical well worthy the attention of all who are engaged in the work of reform, or who, for any special or personal reasons, wish to know what the medical profession has to say in regard to the causes of intemperance, the effect of alcohol on the mind and body, and the means to be used for the prevention and cure of inebriety. The journal is published at Hartford, Connecticut, and is under the able editorship of T. D. CROTHER'S, M. D., Secretary of the "American Association for the Cure of Inebriates," and Superintendent of the Walnut Hill Asylum for the treatment of inebriates and opium cases. The price is two dollars per annum.

In the number for December, now before us, there is a paper on the "Comparative Action of Absinthe and Alcohol," by M. Magan, Physician of St. Anne Hospital, Paris. This paper was read before the International Congress at Paris held in August, 1878. The next article, "Are Inebriates Automats?" is from the pen of Dr. George M. Beard of New York. Then we have the proceedings of the last meeting of "The American Association for the Cure of Inebriates," held in Boston, in September last; and the proceedings of the French Medical Temperance

Society held in August. Among the shorter articles in this number are the "Psychological Progress of Inebriety;" "Inebriety and Cancer;" "Heredity of Dipomania;" "Inebriety a Disease, not a Crime;" "Physiology of Delusions in Inebriety;" "Opium Mania," etc.

In Dr. Beard's article, are given four remarkable cases, furnished by Dr. Crothers, in which the sea-air is shown to have acted as an exciting cause of inebriety. We copy one of these:

"H—, a Methodist clergyman, age thirty-four. Mother suffered from epilepsy many years before death, one sister hysterical, a brother afflicted with asthma; during childhood he had St. Vitus dance, and was operated on for strabismus; was a nervous, passionate man, subject to great changes of disposition and mental activity; had dyspepsia and was treated for it successfully by the use of bitters. He was impulsively fond of certain dishes, and manifested much childishness to procure them. He was a radical temperance man, positive and fanatical in his expression of opinion. He attended a sea-shore camp-meeting, and was noted for extravagant enthusiasm, and abject prostration that lasted for a week after the meeting closed. The next year he was even more excited, and to the grief of his friends he was found intoxicated after the meeting closed, and a bottle of whisky secreted in his satchel. The next year he was a spectator at a sea-shore meeting, and

drank very hard again. This time he deplored it deeply, and went back to the interior only to labor more earnestly in the temperance cause. The same year he was again at the sea-shore and drank as before, only procuring the liquor more secretly. He was transferred to a Western conference, and for five years was an active temperance man. He suffered from dyspepsia and melancholia at times, and was more excitable in his manner and actions. His wife dying, he came East for a rest, and went to Long Branch. The second day after reaching this place he drank to intoxication, and kept it up for a week, when the landlord turned him away as a nuisance. His particular delusion was prayer for drinking men, going into the bar-room and urging men not to drink, and praying for them, while he was almost oblivious of his condition. He returned to the West, and for three years more was temperate and worked as usual. He came to New York and

went with a friend to Coney Island, and drank hard. He described his drinking as an impulse that he could not resist, coming over him like a pressure which was unbearable, demanding stimulants as a preventive of death. A friend went with him to the sea-shore, as an experiment, and found that after a few hours he became restless, excited, would break out in perspiration, or have a nervous chill; drink large quantities of ice-water, seem to lose all pride or consciousness of his condition. On going a few miles back from the coast, this paroxysm left him, and he was grateful that he had escaped. This man is now in the interior and fully conscious of his danger, and has not ventured near the sea for three years, except once last year, in company with some watchful friends, spending half a day at Ocean Grove, with the same agitation and alarm, and sudden going away and passing off of these symptoms."

Housekeepers' Department.

A BIT OF FANCY WORK.

IF there is any time in the housekeeping experience when a woman feels that she is doing something to distinguish herself, that she is actually accomplishing something, in short, is complete mistress of the situation, it is when, with pot of varnish in one hand and brush in the other, she is giving her furniture, good, bad and indifferent, a thorough brightening up.

No matter if that pleasing duty is performed every year, it is at each performance a matter of surprise and self-congratulation, and ten chances to one if she does not exclaim as each article passes down the row to make room for the next: "Who would have thought a little varnish would make such an improvement!"

And of a surety, in no way can a small amount of money be invested, that will make such satisfactory returns; or, to reverse Tony Weller's axiom, "in no way can we go through so little, to gain so much."

Through the divine alchemy of varnish, old scratches are obliterated, old dents vanish, the ravages of time and decay, sent to the right-about, and every forlorn old "miserable," converted into what the magazines and lady's books ring the changes so frequently upon, "A thing of beauty, and a joy forever." And then how difficult it is to stop when one commences, the work itself is so fascinating, and the result so satisfactory, that like Alexander of old, we weep, not because we have no more worlds to conquer, but that we have no more old tables and chairs to varnish up and make new.

We even glance at the shovel and tongs, and confess to a vagrant wonderment as to how a coat of varnish would set upon them, but fortunately the coal-scuttle offers itself, as the safety valve which saves us from a little good-natured ridicule.

We give a sigh to the hours of polishing with cloth and beeswax which we considered indispensable before we discovered that we could varnish, and in the fullness of our hearts resolve to give others the benefit of our experience.

There are so many things we women can do to save expense if we only use a little ingenuity and audacity. What if we do make a failure, who has a better right, and I am sure our back bed-rooms need furniture as well as the other parts of the house, we will

scarcely get beyond them in the way of a failure, and if we do, there's the attic; so who's afraid?

Now in the matter of re-covering our sofas and chairs; what is to hinder us from doing it ourselves, and thus save a large percentage of what it would cost to have them done by an upholsterer. Not that I would encourage such an idea for a moment, if we have the wherewithal to pay for having it done, for besides looking (truth compels me to acknowledge,) somewhat better, trades must live; and those of us who are able to afford it should patronize them; but there are several of us who cannot afford it, and yet, have the assurance to want things nice around us, so we will just discuss this knotty point among ourselves.

In the first place, if our furniture is covered with that "dismal hair-cloth," which the aforesaid magazines and lady's books look upon as a thorn in the flesh, my advice is, if new and good, to let well enough alone, and thank our lucky stars that we have it, but if old and rusty, or the rep, or brocatelle, cretonne, or whatever else it has for covering be worn and faded, let us set to work and fix it forthwith.

Nothing is easier than to rip off seats and take out backs, cut the new coverings by the old, and tack the new gimp on with gimp tacks, which can be purchased at the same place as the other materials.

And here let me whisper, if you want that "joy forever," in all its pristine loveliness, get scarlet, or crimson rep, of good quality and all wool, it lights up so beautifully, and costs but a trifle more than the green or brown, and I know you will be so delighted with it, that I should not be at all surprised if you close your shutters and sit by gas-light in day-time.

MARY E. IRELAND.

RECIPES.

PEACH PIE.—Wash canned peaches, and flavor with nutmeg, line pie-plates with paste, fill with the peach, and bake in a moderate oven till the crust is just done. Make a meringue by whipping to a stiff froth the whites of three eggs for each pie; sweeten with a tablespoon of powdered sugar for each egg, flavor with vanilla, and beat to a very stiff froth; then spread it nearly an inch thick over the pies, and in oven till meringue is well set. Eat cold.

TAPIOCA SOUP.—Take the rich gravy from roast beef or mutton, carefully remove all fat, add water in sufficient quantity, as the gravy is very strong, one small onion, and salt to taste. Let the whole boil up, then add two ounces of well-washed tapioca; stir occasionally, and simmer for about half an hour; pick out the onion, and serve.

OYSTER CROQUETTES.—Scald and chop fine the hard part of oysters, (after taking the other part and liquor for a soup,) add an equal weight of mashed potato; to one pound of this add lump of butter the size of an egg, teaspoonful of salt, half teaspoonful of pepper, and quarter of a teacup of cream. Make in small cakes, dip in egg and then in bread-crumbs, and fry like doughnuts.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Make a sponge-cake with four eggs, one cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; when baked, a piece is cut to fit the bottom of the charlotte pan, then line the sides and fill with cream made as follows: Whip one pint of cream, flavored with

vanilla, to a stiff froth, add to it the well-beaten whites of two eggs, and one-half pound pulverized sugar; mix all lightly and perfectly together; put on ice, or in a pan of cold water.

CROQUIS.—Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan. Mix in some flour to form a stiff paste. Then thin it with milk or water. Add a little salt. Chop some cooked meat very fine, and mix well. Take it off the fire, and let it cool. Have some raspings and egg ready. Make small rolls of the mixture, dip them in the egg and raspings, and fry a nice brown. Sweet herbs, lemon-peel and grated cheese may be used according to taste.

BOILED HAMS are much nicer to let them stand in the water in which they are boiled until cold; the outside does not then turn black and dry up as it does when taken from the water to cool, consequently there is less waste in preparing them for the table. But always remember to remove the lid of the kettle, so the steam may escape. This should be done after boiling anything of the kind.

Health Department.

MILK AS FOOD.

DR. CROSBY, of the Bellevue Hospital, pronounces milk an article of diet which all persons may use, under nearly all conditions. There are those who say that they cannot take milk, that it makes them bilious, etc., but he declares that this is not true. A person who is sick may take milk with the greatest possible advantage, because it contains, in a form easy of assimilation, all the elements essential for maintaining nutrition. It is the natural aliment of the young animal, and certainly answers a good purpose for the old animal, provided it is used properly, and not poured into a stomach already overfilled, as though it had in itself no substance or richness. New milk, he does not hesitate to say, may be taken, as far as disease is concerned, in nearly every condition.

Perhaps it will require the addition of a spoonful or two of lime-water. The addition of a little salt will often prevent the after-feeling of fullness and "wind on the stomach," which some complain of. If marked acidity of the stomach is present, then perhaps a little gentian may be requisite to stimulate the stomach somewhat, and it may be necessary to give it in small quantities and repeat it often; but ice-cold milk can be put into a very irritable stomach if given in small quantities and at short intervals, with the happiest effect. It is used in case of fever, which formerly it was thought to "feed," and when scalded it has a desirable effect in summer complaints.

But it is as an article of diet for people in health, and who wish to remain in that happy condition, that milk should be most appreciated. For the mid-day lunch of those whose hearty meal comes at night, or for the supper of those who dine at noon, nothing is so good. The great variety and excellent quality of prepared cereals give a wide choice of food to use with milk. Bread, with berries in their season, or baked sweet apples, boiled rice, cracked wheat, oatmeal, hulled corn or hominy, taken with a generous bowl of pure cold milk, makes the best possible light meal in warm weather for children, and for all adults who have not some positive physical idiosyncrasy

that prevents them from digesting it. The men of firmest health and longest life are the men of regular and temperate habits with whom milk is a standard article of diet.

TOBACCO POISONING OF INFANTS.

THE habit of smoking in living-rooms and bedrooms is, without question, the cause of much sickness and mortality among babies and very young children. Nicotine is absorbed into both the mother's and the infant's systems, poisoning the milk which is to give life and health to the baby, and disturbing and depressing its delicate organism. Is it possible for an infant to breathe, day after day, an atmosphere loaded with tobacco-smoke, and be thoroughly healthy? It stands to reason that it cannot. As a matter of course, such an infant is less able to resist the attacks of disease when they take an epidemic form than an infant which has always had the advantage of pure air, which is as essential to health as good food.

Dr. Kestral, physician to the Royal Tobacco Factory at Iglan, near Vienna, gives some facts bearing on this matter which are worthy of careful consideration. A large number of women, boys and girls are employed in this factory, and it seems that, in consequence of the deleterious effects of working in the tobacco, the government has appointed a physician to look after their health. Of one hundred boys, from twelve to sixteen, says Dr. Kestral, seventy-two fell sick in the first six months, most of them having symptoms of tobacco poisoning. Many of the girls were also great sufferers from the same cause. But the most serious consequences were seen in the mortality among the children of mothers who worked in the factory. Breathing all day long an air filled with nicotine, their milk became so charged with poison that two-fifths of all their babies died before reaching the age of four months!

A word to the wise is all that need be spoken. A father who truly loves his babies will not expose them to malaria, or suffer them to go into a chamber containing a scarlet fever patient. But is it really

any safer to fill the room in which they have to live day after day, with tobacco-smoke, and charge their delicate systems with nicotine? They may not absorb enough of the poison to destroy their lives, but there

may be such a lowering of the vitality in consequence of its presence as to leave them helpless under the assaults of some fatal disease which might otherwise have been resisted.

Scientific, Useful and Curious.

SIMPLE SOPORIFICS.—In the New York State Inebriate Asylum a glass of milk is frequently administered at bed-time to produce sleep, and the result is often satisfactory, without the use of medicine. Medicine there is sometimes prescribed in milk. It has been recently stated in the medical journals that *lactic acid* has the effect of promoting sleep by acting as a sedative. As this acid may be produced in the alimentary canal after the ingestion of milk, can this be an explanation of the action of milk on the nervous system when it is "shaky" after a long-continued excessive use of alcoholic drink? Sugar, also, is capable of being converted in the stomach, in certain morbid conditions, into lactic acid, and a lump of sugar allowed to dissolve in the mouth on going to bed will frequently soothe a restless body to quiet and repose.

VIOLET POWDER.—A correspondent who is interested in our account of the mischief done by poisonous violet powder in England, (says the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*) asks for a recipe for a harmless preparation of the kind. The following is given in the *Canadian Pharmaceutical Journal*:

Powdered starch, six pounds; powdered orris, eight ounces; oil lemon, two drachms; oil orange, two drachms; oil verberna, two drachms; oil lavender, half drachm; oil wintergreen, ten drops; essence musk, one and a half drachms.

A score of formulas might be given in which the proportion of starch, orris, and perfume might vary, but the above will be found to give a good product. A powder which gives better results, as far as the prevention of chafing is concerned, may be made by replacing all or part of the starch by powdered French chalk.

BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES.—Bank of England notes, says the *New York Indicator*, which make a poor showing compared with our more gorgeous greenbacks and National bank-notes, are better than they look. These notes are made from pure white linen cuttings only, never from rags that have been worn. They have been manufactured for nearly two hundred years at the same spot—Laverstoke, in Hampshire, and by the same family, the Portals, who are descended from some French Protestant refugees. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman, is registered on a dial by machinery, and the sheets are very carefully counted and booked to each person through whose hands they pass. The printing is done by a most curious process within the bank building. There is an elaborate arrangement for securing that no note shall be exactly like any other in existence. Consequently there never was a duplicate of a Bank of England note, except by forgery.

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER S. WILSON, of Glasgow, has recently investigated the amounts of sugar contained in the nectar of various flowers, and laid the results of his labors before the British Association, by which it appears, among other things, that the

"little honey-bee, which improves each shining hour," has to pay 2,500,000 visits to flower-tubes for every pound of honey gathered.

A REMARKABLE case is given in the *Journal de Medecine*, of the effect of the habitual use of milk in white lead works. In some French lead mills it was observed that in a large working population two men who drank much milk daily, were not affected by lead. On the general use of milk through the works, the colic entirely vanished. Each operative was given enough extra pay to buy a quart of milk a day. From 1863 to 1871, no cases of colic had occurred.

THE white of an egg has proved, of late, the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successful applications of this substance soothes pain, and effectually excludes the burned parts from the air. This simple remedy seems preferable to collodion or even cotton.

CHALVA.—*Chalva*, in Turkish, means a cake, but it has come in the Sultan's territories to designate a party at which that dainty is eaten, just as we say "tea" for "tea party" in England. When a Turkish lady gives a *chalva*, her husband is perforce excluded from the harem while the strange women are in the house. These guests begin to arrive toward six, accompanied by their maid-servants and negroes, carrying lanterns and bringing their children with them. Closely muffled, they divest themselves of their burnouses and babouches in an ante-room, and put on delicate satin slippers, which they have brought with them in bags. The reception-rooms are brilliantly lighted up with pink wax-candles and scented with fragrant pastilles. There is no kissing or hand-shaking between the hostess and her guests; but, each lady, as she comes in, lifts her hand gracefully to her heart, her lips, and her brow, which means, "I am devoted to you with heart, mouth and mind." This mode of salutation, when smilingly performed, is very pretty. The greetings being ended, the company betake themselves to the divans and carpets, while the children go off all together to be regaled and to romp in some other room. Cigarettes, coffee and sweetmeats are handed round; and, while these things are being discussed, the ladies are bound to pay one another compliments about their respective dresses, which are sure to be most sumptuous, and, indeed, are sometimes worth a fortune. When the evening has been more or less agreeably spent amid these pastimes and conversation, it is the lady of the house who gives the signal for her guests to retire. This she does by clapping her hands and exclaiming "*Chalva yel*"—i. e., "Bring in the cake." At once the maid-servants hurry off to fetch the delicacy, and soon a very aromatic, creamy and spongy pudding is produced—rich, having been honored as it deserves, silver basins full of rose-water are carried in for the guests to wash their hands withal; and then the party is at an end.

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Literary and Personal.

MRS. HAYES, at the White House, is spoken of in very warm terms by a correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, who says: "The characteristics of the President's wife as a hostess—her grace and heartiness and excellent tact at the receptions—have already had public mention, but not half the praise which they deserve. She shakes your hand heartily, as if you were the one she especially desired to meet. Her plump arm and her whole graceful body are alive and alert with eloquent action. Her various remarks to the passing hundreds, as I stood aside and observed her for a moment, were marvels of aptness and politeness.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS has recently been on a visit to his old home at Easton, Maryland—a circumstance that affords the Easton *Gazette* a theme for a column of editorial, in which Mr. DOUGLASS is thus courteously spoken of: "The contrast of his going out from among us and his coming back is as wonderful as any told in Eastern story. He left our country under compulsion; he left the State by stealth. He comes back by invitation, openly and freely, not to receive blows, but an ovation; not to ask pardon of those whom he had disobeyed, but to extend pardon to those by whom he had been wronged. He left us a fugitive; he returns a guest. He left us with a mind darker than the skin he bore; he comes back to us radiant with an intelligence that his white and venerable head most fitly symbolizes. He went out from us crushed, cringing, submissive, humble; he returns to us full of dignity and courage. He left us a slave without rights, without a country; he comes

back our equal before the law, and our fellow-citizen, with all which that implies. He left us a chattel; he comes back a man." During his stay in Easton, Marshal DOUGLASS hunted up his half-brother, who has always been a resident of Talbot County, but is now old and decrepit, and signified his intention to take him home with him, and provide for his necessities.

MRS. DRAKE, a widow of Muhlenburg County, Kentucky, has in her possession an apple which has been in existence since the beginning of the Revolutionary War. The soldier, Mr. Drake, received the apple from his betrothed just as he departed for the army of Washington; kept it during the whole war; returned after the surrender of Yorktown, and married the fair donor. The apple is sacredly preserved in the family. It is dry and shriveled, nothing remaining but the woody fibre.

THE sale of photographs of Government celebrities in the Capitol at Washington shows some curious facts. Mrs. Hayes' photograph sells in the lead of all others—hundreds buying hers that will not touch the picture of the President. Of the Senators, Blaine's sells better than any other by one-half. Lamar and Gordon follow, Conkling is away in the rear, Thurman being considerably ahead of him. There is no demand for Grant. On the House-side of the Capitol, Speaker Randall sells well. Next to him is Alexander Stephens, then follows Butler. Of the pictures of the other members of the House, there is but little demand.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

NEVER, perhaps, within our recollection, has there been such a profusion of gay colors, and expensive materials, and excess of trimming, as are shown in the fashionable dresses imported at present. Yet the handsomest pattern dresses, as we all know, are never worn. Modistes may issue their decrees, but ladies of good sense and true taste know for themselves how much and how little to heed. No matter how outrageous the fashion, or limited their means, they always appear well-dressed.

For the street, short skirts have triumphed, and there is good reason to suppose that their reign here will be long-continued. They are even encroaching upon the acknowledged domain of trains, being seen in some of the latest evening dresses. But fashion says now that they shall be used for morning and outdoor wear, while flowing robes shall hold sway, as heretofore, for the dinner, the reception and the ball costume.

Polonaises are beginning to diminish in popularity. Very long, closely-fitting basques and panier overskirts are taking their place, dividing favor with the princess dress, which follows the universal fancy for more elaborate drapery, and appears with greater fullness in the back. We mentioned in our last the Trianon polonaise, which was noticeable for its contrasting revers caught together at the corners over the bouffant back, and spoke of it as a good model for

renovating an old garment. Another way in which this can be done is to leave the back breadths for a train, cut off the front to the length of a basque, and attach three short, petticoat breadths of a contrasting color—as, for instance, the former part may be of black silk, the latter of pale blue. In this manner a fancy dress may be made even more elegant than the original, substantial one. In nearly all the fashionable dresses, there is a combination of materials and colors, and a basque made newly often has the back terminating in a long train, to be worn over a different kind of a skirt. For young ladies, the coat and vest is found even in full dress, being seen in the gayest colors, and receiving the greatest amount of trimming. The round waist, with wide belt, will probably be revived, and be worn on all occasions.

A very pretty novelty for evening wear is long, lace sleeves. Dark, high-necked dresses of heavy silk or velvet, have them of black or white net, cut in coat-shape, and finished off by ruches of Bretonne lace and bright bows of ribbon. The same lace is used to fill in the neck and edge the bottom of the vest, while a jabot of it, mingled with ribbon loops, completes the costume.

Gloves are growing longer. For full dress, they reach to the elbow, and often have insertions and frills of Valenciennes. Even black ones trimmed in this way are used with the lightest costumes, especially for the opera. But, as in the days of embroidered gloves, the plain ones are equally stylish and far more sensible.

New Publications.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

Jean; or, Clouds with a Silver Lining. By Blanche Westcott. This is a quiet, home story, which, though lacking in originality and harmony of construction, deserves some praise for the degree of skill displayed in portraiture, and the prevalence of correct sentiment.

FROM S. R. WELLS & CO., NEW YORK.

The Silver Chalice, and Other Poems. By Emma May Buckingham. We think the author has made a mistake in giving these productions a rhythmical form. Destitute of any striking fancy or remarkable facility of expression, they contain, nevertheless, many strong, true, helpful thoughts, which, if they had been expressed in prose, might have been very valuable, but, as they are, we believe that their dress detracts from their real merit. We might, however, make exception in favor of "Everlasting," "Under the Snow," and "Coming To-day," in all of which appears something simply and touchingly beautiful.

Life at Home; or, The Family and its Members. By William Aikmann, D. D. The old, familiar truths regarding fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and sisters, are here reiterated in a manner likely to do good by increasing general respect for these sacred relations and the duties growing out of them.

FROM THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

Caught and Fettered. By Mrs. J. P. Ballard. This is a collection of short temperance tales, very attractive in style and spirit, well calculated to impress upon the young the surpassing value of strong principles and absolute freedom from the power of evil.

The Emerald Spray, by Mrs. Julia McNair Wright, sketches with fidelity the downward course of an English gentleman of means and talents, who, after repeatedly giving way to temptation, quits his own land in poverty and disgrace, and, hidden in a little Canadian farm-house, seeks to recover his lost strength, but fails, and reduces his family to the verge of starvation. But finally—as, alas, it does not always happen in real life—he is fully restored to

honor and usefulness by the helping hand of a good Samaritan. If all our boys who may read this could tremble over their own dangers as they must over poor Ralph's, we would not find in the future so many true stories like his.

FROM DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK.

A Face Illumined. By E. P. Roe. Amid the flood of books rushing upon us so swiftly, most of them good more or less, it is often a difficult matter to decide the question of real merit. But this one, we think, deserves high commendation. We have a unique, thrilling story, sometimes even tragic in interest, showing how a young girl, so beautiful in face, so shallow in soul, as to excite almost simultaneously admiration and repulsion, is suddenly transformed by a mighty love into a being of marvelous grace and sweetness. But by her faulty, despairing, misconstrued behavior, she drives the man she loves away from her, and is compelled to suffer such agonies as many another woman has, and as a consequence is tempted to suicide, from which she is saved seemingly by the direct interposition of Providence, followed by perfect peace in believing. Then comes a terrible temptation—a temptation to take advantage of a supposed opportunity to wrong irretrievably her rival. But she is finally enabled, as she believes, for Christ's sake, to make the greatest sacrifice of which a woman is capable—to give up her beloved one to another, when—for, after all, this is a book—she finds she has been laboring under a mistake, and that this trial, worse than death, will not be required of her. Her severe discipline brings her a happy reward.

But such is not the joyous fate of two other strong, true-hearted ones—the woman a little more noble, the man a little less so than she is herself. For them there is a patient ministry of dispensing blessings to others in forgetfulness of themselves, and long, faithful waiting for the healing which will be given them in the kingdom.

We ought to look upon the bright side of life as much as possible; but we should never forget that human discipline and human sorrow are real, and that when their work is perfected it will be the final purification from all earthly dross.

The story itself, with its accessories of vivid description, life-like personality and elevated sentiment is one which we can scarce help feeling and growing better for reading.

Notes and Comments.

Art in the Household.

IN these favored days of the prevalence of improved modes of thought and better ideas of perfection among our people, the subject of decorative art excites a great amount of interested inquiry and careful study. Where, ten years ago, five persons representing the more aspiring of householders, were content each to look forward to possessing for the best parlor, a bright-flowered brussels, a suite of gaudy velvet furniture, and two long, gilded mirrors,

twenty to-day are eagerly asking how they shall most effectively adorn their rooms according to the principles of correct taste.

A lady friend says that she well remembers, when she was a very little girl, interrogating her artist grandfather in this wise: "Grandpa, hasn't grandma got a pretty carpet in her parlor?" "No," he answered, "it's too showy. Did you ever see any roses as big as these? They look like red cabbage-heads." The inquiring child thought, in surprise, that grandpa didn't know much, and when he took her up-stairs

into that mysterious room, the studio, and told her that a deep, navy-blue table-cover, of light Japanese silk, painted all over with a vine-like tracery of arabesques in black, was pretty, she wondered more and more. As if grandma wasn't well aware what was the fashion!

But it was not many years before she discovered that the man of taste and the fashion are very often at sword's points. Not long before she perceived that the usual drawing-room appointments of Mrs. Lofie and Mrs. Parvenu, alike, were calculated to set on edge the teeth of any one within whose sensitive soul dwelt images of perfect loveliness, whether of form or fitness, color or harmony, sufficiency or grace.

But a new era has dawned upon us. Love of home and love of beauty combined, have deposed the upholsterer and enthroned the artist. The crude, the gorged, the tawdry and the ostentatious must needs disappear before the graceful, the subdued, the genuine and the fitting. Rooms in which the truly cultured delight to breathe and live, are marked by the complete sway of adaptability, truth, simplicity and freedom.

In place of the old-time wall-paper, representing confusing landscapes, dazzling blossoms, or heavy panels of hues and proportions alike distracting, we have a charming array of tinted, harmonizing friezes, quiet, conventional diapers, and rich, decorated da-does. The glaring, Joseph's coat carpets, with gigantic bouquets or staring, geometrical figures, have been superseded by those of deep, low tones and mere suggestions of patterns, relieved by delicate touches of bright color; the flaming, useless curtains and showy gilt cornices have given way before substantial, ample hangings, suspended in the real artistic manner by rings run upon rods; and the cold, slippery hair-cloth and gingerly-touched satin and velvet, with the inevitable, tantalizing form of their accompanying cabinet-work, have been replaced by comfortable chairs and sofas, covered with soft stuffs, of tasteful designs and blending shades.

For the last few years, most of our friends having a true appreciation of the worth of comfort, and taste, and beauty, as well as a desire to be most where was most perceivable the subtle spirit of home, have been wont to avoid the set parlor and enjoy the less pretentious, but more attractive family sitting-room, furnished, as such rooms always should be, with simple fittings, but fair adornments, as, a quiet carpet, clear, white curtains, pretty pictures, autumn-leaves, ferns, flowers and birds, with scattered nick-nacks, books and magazines. They, too, though forced in some degree to fall in with the prevailing mode, have had something else in their separate parlors besides the six chairs, and two sofas, and two stools and a piano, and clock on the mantel, and card-receiver on the morsel of a table. But how glad each one is now that, instead of a public saloon, he or she can have one more cherished living-room.

Its ceiling and walls, instead of being like those of ten of its neighbors, may receive a portion of its owner's life, embracing all within them, in the clear tints and wreathing vines, and tossing wheat and poppies with which they are garnished; the floor, of a dark, stained wood, relieved by soft, mossy rugs, or entirely hidden by its warm, deep covering, is no longer merely the most convenient place for a conspicuous display, but a worthy foundation for brighter ornament; the capacious, neutral-tinted chairs and sofas echo the voice of the host in inviting to rest; the graceful folds of the flowing curtains impart an air of comfort and harmony, speak of real use in exclud-

ing light and cold, drive into banishment the hard, stiff folding-doors, and hint at departed dust-catching contrivances in their freedom from bands and cornices; the low book-cases, destitute of doors, tell of treasures not so precious as to be out of reach; the absence of elaborate carving shows a sensible subservance to utility, and a present abiding of cleanliness. And then the added charms which reside in judiciously disposed *bric-a-brac*—a Japanese screen before the fire-place; a gay plaque against the wall; a painted tile in the top of a cabinet; a Majolica candlestick upon the mantel; a tiny, corner cupboard of ebony, containing a prized hoard of rare china; an exquisite statuette upon a lambrequin-draped bracket; a cunning, inlaid table, existing for its own beauty's sake; a simplesketch in crayon or water-colors, with its oiled, natural-hued, oaken frame; a coarse linen cushion, blushing with a cluster of wild roses in crewel-work—who can limit the possibilities of the growth of surpassing goodness in our new-created homes of the future?

True art has gained a foot-hold in this country which we sincerely hope it will never lose. Our ladies are turning away, surfeited, from tating and Berlin wool-work, and with their own fair fingers are making point-lace, and embroidering curtains, and decorating china and painting landscapes. We cannot be too thankful that this is the case—thankful that less room than ever is left for frivolity and show. But in their eagerness, let them beware of deceiving themselves by current counterfeits. Let them not believe in anything distorted, or in any adornment burying out of sight the object to which it is applied. No room is artistically furnished, however valuable its treasures, when its most striking suggestion is one of sitting down in a museum, or playing house under a shawl.

Throughout her whole realm, nature is able to hint at no such spectacle as a withering gas-jet bursting out from the dewy heart of a freshly-blown rose. The inevitable tendency of all things proves that a painted candle must either have every exquisite touch upon it wasted in smoke and grease, or else lose its identity as a candle and become a mere sign-post. Hooks intended for the hanging of clothing are not beautiful when their embellishments of leaves and acorns are hidden from sight by the suspended garments, nor useful when so many protuberances tear the fabrics imposed upon them.

To bring this love of art home to each one of us, it is necessary that we possess a supreme adoration of the beautiful, a quick sense of the fitness of things, and an humble desire to be taught, with resolution and perseverance to profit by such teaching. And as a nation we may be sure that when anything so catholic, so revolutionizing, and so elevating comes among us to remain with us, our day of the universal reign of order, and enlargement of sympathy and purification from grossness, is near at hand.

Bigotry and Intolerance.

A SAD exhibition of intolerance and bigotry, involving an utter misapprehension of the Divine laws and character, occurred a few months ago in England.

"A few days since," says the *London Daily News*, "a workingman in the employ of Mr. E. E. Gooding, of Akenham Hall, lost a child who was about two years old. Both parents being Baptists, the child was never baptized. Ipswich is some four miles from Akenham, and as there is neither a cemetery nor

chapel graveyard nearer, application was made to the incumbent, the Rev. G. Drury, the rector of the adjoining parish of Claydon, to have it buried in the consecrated ground of the parish church. Mr. Drury, on learning that the child had not been baptized, positively refused it burial in consecrated ground, but gave permission for it to be buried behind the church in unconsecrated ground reserved for still born infants, on condition that no religious service was performed in the graveyard. He refused to bury it himself, and insisted that no one should officiate in the church in his stead."

A most disgraceful scene occurred afterwards in the graveyard, when an attempt was made to have funeral services over the child by a Baptist minister. A bitter war of words took place between him and the rector, which came near terminating in blows over the body of the dead baby! During this altercation, Mr. Drury, the rector, declared that as the child had not been baptized, it "was not a Christian," and he objected to its "being buried as such." And he further said: "I have the right to teach my parishioners that it is wrong to perform funeral rites of a Christian form over the remains of an unbaptized child."

In the face of all this, let us read our Lord's answer to His disciples when they asked Him as to who is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven: "And Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me." * * * "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven."

Not a word here about baptism, or circumcision, or any external sign or ceremony of Jewish or Christian appointment. The innocence of the little child was above all these in the sight of our Lord; and is so now, whether the parents observe or neglect the orderly and appointed signs of introduction into the external church.

Hereditary Effects of Alcohol.

DR. NATHAN ALLEN, in a communication to the *Quarterly Journal of Inebriety*, says: "It is found sometimes that this predisposition to drink does not show itself till the person arrives at a certain period in life, and then that the craving for drink is almost irresistible. In fact, all constitutional or hereditary predispositions are always far more difficult to arrest and change than acquired habits."

"But this inherent fondness for liquor is not the only evil transmitted. The whole physical system is more or less involved. The blood itself is tainted. There is not that soundness, vitality and strength in such an organization that there would be but for this poison. Such a constitution will not bear exposure so well, is more liable to certain diseases, will yield more readily to inflammation, and, when diseased, is not so easily relieved or cured by medical treatment. Whatever, therefore, may be the peculiar feature of this transmission, one thing is certain—the whole tendency is downward, physically, mentally and morally, not only by injuring the constitution itself, but by increasing the power and influence of the animal propensities at the expense of the reason, the conscience and the will."

Publishers' Department.

ASSAULTS OF DISEASE IN WINTER.

The steadily accumulating evidence in favor of the new Treatment for Chronic diseases, now so widely known as "Compound Oxygen," is something remarkable. Its use is rapidly extending to all parts of the country, and the cures which are being made seem often more like miracles than cases of orderly healing, under the action of well known physical laws. The public must not confound this treatment with any of the patent nostrums of the day; for it is nothing of the kind. It is a new discovery in the region of scientific and pathological investigation, and the philosophy of its action, so clearly explained in Dr. G. R. Starkey's *Treatise on Compound Oxygen*, its mode of Action and Results, is everywhere attracting the attention of free and advanced minds in the Medical profession.

The results that attend this new treatment are fixed facts, large in their array, remarkable in their character, and steadily accumulating. In no range of diseases is its action more surely to be depended on than in that large class of ailments which make their hardest assaults upon the system during winter; such as consumption, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, rheumatism and neuralgia. From known results in the treatment of a large number of these cases during the last ten or twelve years, we are warranted in the assertion, that thousands of lives might be saved every year by the use of Compound Oxygen, and tens of thousands of invalids, to whom winter is often a long season of pain, discomfort, and the sapping of the very foundations of life, be greatly relieved, made comfortable, and have their downward drift arrested.

In saying this, we know of what we speak. If you are a sufferer from any of these diseases yourself; or, if there be in your family one who is steadily failing and fading before your eyes, let us urge you to write to Drs. Starkey and Palen, of this city (No. 1112 Girard Street), and get their little book on Compound Oxygen and read it carefully. They will mail it free of charge. Its statements may be wholly relied upon.

A BEAUTIFUL PAGE.—For the past six months, Professor Gaskell has taken in each issue of the *HOME MAGAZINE* an entire page, showing from month to month, the improvement in penmanship of those using his *Compendium*. The beautiful page in this number surpasses, it seems to us, anything he has before given. We do not believe the improvement there exhibited has ever been equaled. The autographs, Professor Gaskell informs us, were engraved by Russell & Richardson of Boston, who, in order to secure exact copies, photographed them to the block. Of course no wood engraver can reproduce the fine masterly strokes of the originals, but the engravers of these autographs have come as near to it probably as it can be done by any engraver on wood. The work is a credit to them.

PROFESSOR HOREFORD'S BREAD PREPARATIONS are unsurpassed for making light bread, biscuits, cakes and pastry. The cost is about one-half that of the ordinary baking-powder. If you cannot obtain it at your grocers, send a three-cent stamp to the "Rumford Chemical Works," Providence, Rhode Island, for a sample packet and cook-book, and give it a trial. "Pipey" indorses this Bread Preparation as the best in market, and she generally knows of what she writes.

[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' HOUSE COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 1.—Princess dresses continue to meet with favor from most ladies, and are draped and trimmed in a variety of pretty ways. The one forming this costume is handsomely fitted in the close style peculiar to Princess dresses, by bust darts, under-arm and side-back seams through the whole length of the garment, and a center-seam extending from the neck to a little below the waist-line, where it terminates in an extra width that is folded in an under box-plait. Upon the front edge of the back a *revers* extension is allowed, and is faced with brocaded silk, which material also forms a broad outside facing across the bottom of the skirt, back of the *revers*. The lower edge of the front and side-back is bordered with a double box-plaiting of the dress goods, which is cashmere; and the plaiting is set on so as to form its own heading. From under the *revers* at each side, two sash portions, placed a short distance apart, extend to the center of the front, where they meet in a handsome double bow-knot with ends. The front closes from the neck to the upper sash with button-holes and buttons, and below that the hems are tacked together with invisible stitches. A collar of the brocade passes about the neck and extends quite low on the breast, where the ends meet under a bow of the same. A tiny plaiting of the cashmere edges the collar, and the front inside the collar is covered with cashmere laid in wide bias folds, that meet in points at the center. A military collar completes the neck edge, and is encircled by a ribbon

cravat. The sleeves are close and are finished with a plaiting of cashmere, set on under an upward-

turning cuff-facing of the brocade; the facing slanting at the ends so as to leave the outside seam exposed by a V-outline.

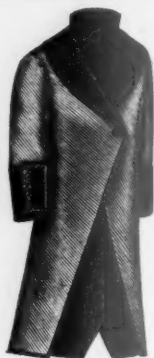
The whole costume is charming as represented, but silk, velvet, or the material in a contrasting color or of the same color with bright pippings, may be used in place of the brocade; and if desired, the ends of the large sash bows may be fringed out and knotted for a self-finish, or ready-made fringe may be added as an ornamental completion. The sashes, being simply decorative additions in this case, are not given in the pattern. There is no material in vogue for any style of dress that does not conform readily and gracefully to this model. Elaborate trimmings are not called for, but simple, tasteful decorations of any kind are appropriate. One broad sash may take the place of the two narrow ones, if preferred to them, or, if the dress is intended for ordinary wear, it may be entirely untrimmed.

An exquisite robe for elegant morning wear may be fashioned by this model from white cashmere or alpaca, with sashes, *revers*, and bows of a delicate tint, with additional decorations of Smyrna or Breton lace.

The model is No. 6437, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the untrimmed garment for a lady of medium size, will require 9½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 4½ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' HOUSE COSTUME.



6444

Front View.

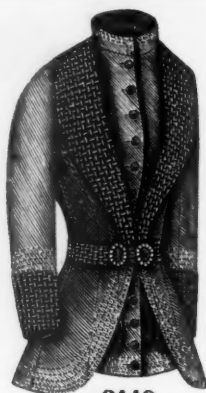


6444

Back View.

GIRLS' COAT, WITH VEST.

No. 6444.—This jaunty little coat is made of suit goods and trimmed with facings of velvet. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the coat for a girl of 7 years, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide, together with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of velvet 20 inches wide for the facings, will be required. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



6448

Front View.



6448

Back View.

LADIES' BELTED BASQUE, WITH VEST.

No. 6448.—The stylish basque illustrated is made of plain and *matelassé* goods. The model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of *matelassé* 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



6437

Front View.



6447

LADIES' APRON.

No. 6447.—Lawn, muslin or any apron material may be made up by this model. The pattern is in one size, and calls for $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of material 36 inches wide in making an apron like it. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

LADIES' SHORT PRINCESS DRESS.

No. 6437.—A great deal of taste and ingenuity will be called into play in diversifying the decoration of this garment. It is graceful, convenient and stylish just as it is, but may be elaborated to any extent desired, or rendered more simple even than in this instance. The model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



6437

Back View.

**6442***Front View.***6442***Back View.***GIRLS' CIRCULAR WRAP.**

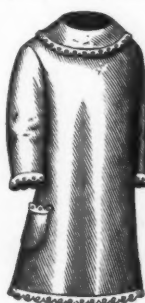
No. 6442.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age. To make the wrap as illustrated in the pictures for a girl of 6 years, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 1 yard 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**6445***Front View.***6445***Back View.***GIRLS' POMPADOUR APRON.**

No. 6445.—The pretty little apron illustrated is made of white lawn. The pattern is in 9 sizes for girls from 2 to 10 years of age. To make the apron as shown in the pictures for a girl of 4 years, will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods 22 inches wide, or 1 yard 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

**6443***Front View.***6443***Back View.***CHILD'S NIGHT-DRAWERS, WITH STOCKINGS.**

No. 6443.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for children from 1 to 9 years of age. To make the garment in the manner represented for a child of 5 years, 3 yards of goods 27 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**6456***Front View.***6456***Back View.***CHILD'S APRON.**

No. 6456.—This pretty little model is made of lawn and trimmed with lace. The pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. To make the apron for a child of 4 years, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

**6454***Front View.***6455***Back View.***CHILD'S COSTUME.**

No. 6454.—This pattern, suitable for cotton or woollen goods, is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. In making the costume in the manner pictured in the engravings for a child of 4 years, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of suitable goods 22 inches wide, or 2 yards of material 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

**6455***Back View.***INFANTS' SHIRT.**

No. 6455.—The dainty little shirt illustrated may be constructed of linen, flannel, nainsook, lawn, muslin or raw silk, and ornamented with any neat edging or other trimming in use for the purpose. The pattern is in one size, and calls for $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of material 36 inches wide in making a shirt like it. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

**6454***Back View.*

**6453****LADIES' NIGHT-DRESS, WITH PLAITED BACK.**

No. 6453.—This night-dress differs from those previously designed in construction and decoration. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 48 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 36 inches wide will be found requisite. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

LADIES' POLONAISE, DRAPED HIGH ON THE HIP.

No. 6450.—The drapery of this stylish polonaise is arranged to accord with the latest mode. The pattern is adapted to any material and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the

**6450**

polonaise as here represented for a lady of medium size, will require $10\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern 35 cents.

MISSES' COSTUME.

No. 6452.—A very novel and unique costume for the miss is portrayed in these engravings. It is made of a plain dark-green suiting and fashionably trimmed with brocaded suiting of a contrasting shade. Any other materials may be selected with assured success in producing a stylish effect, and the trimmings may be varied in any way pleasing to the taste. Elaborate decorations are not, however, appropriate. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 30 cents. To make the costume in the manner represented in the engravings for a miss of 13 years, $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 48 inches wide, will be required.

**6452***Front View.***6438****LADIES' POMPADOUR CHEMISE.**

No. 6438.—This garment may be made of any appropriate material, with any neat trimming. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the chemise for a lady of medium size, will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**6452***Back View.*

NOTICE:—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price and order.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 227 South Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa.





My love is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;

My love is like the melody,
That's sweetly played in tune.—*Burns.*

From the Picture by J. Parker, exhibited at the Royal Academy, London.

